Published 22nd of every month.

GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANTS OF THE QUEEN.

(See page 274.)

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

3D.

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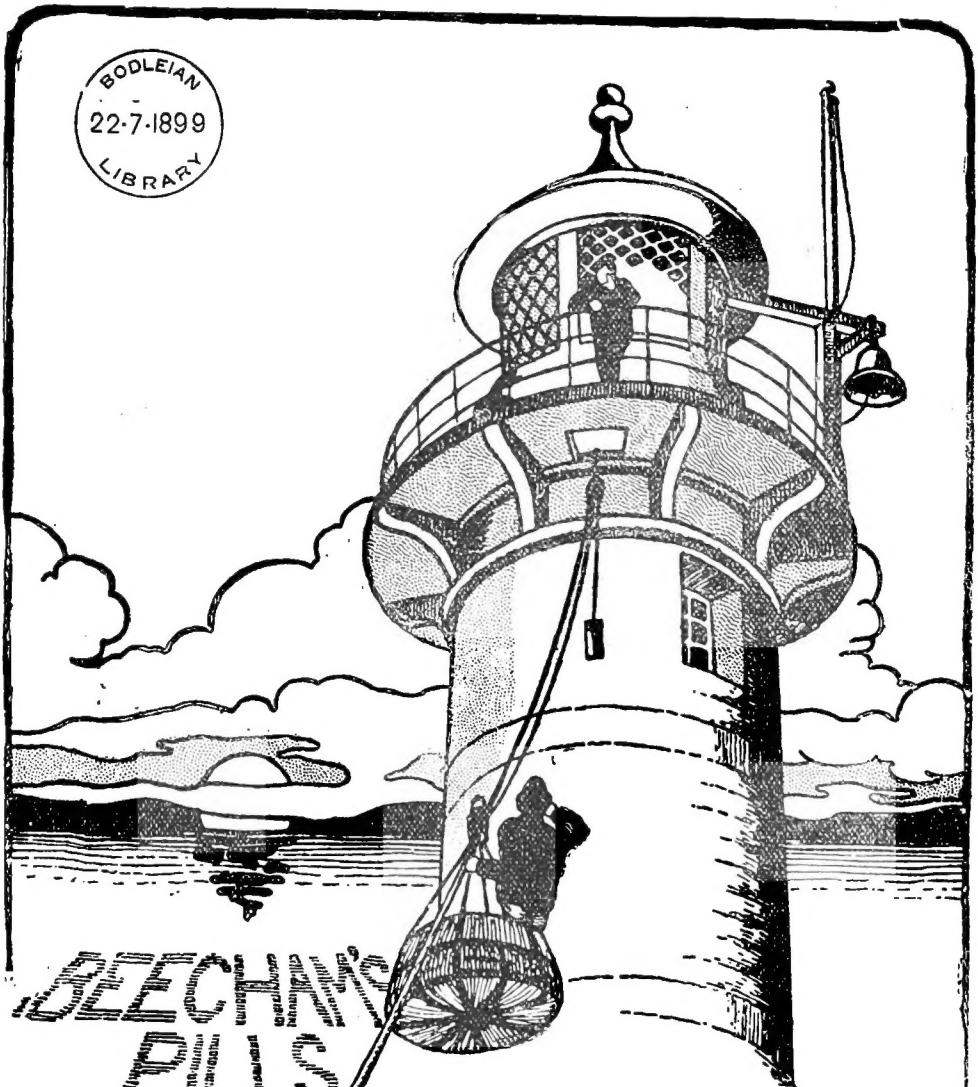

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Russia's Advance Towards India

Conversations with Skobeleff:

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AID OF

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

"WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS- - Why should two European powers quarrel over a few Asiatics? WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS. WE STRONGLY WISH IT."—*The Russian Advance towards India.*—C. MARVIN, page 88.

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You cannot Overstate its Great Value in keeping the Blood Pure and Free from Disease.

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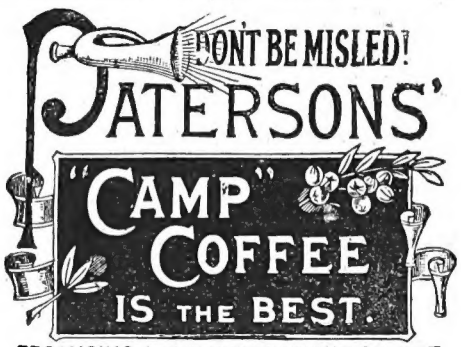

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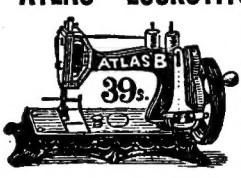

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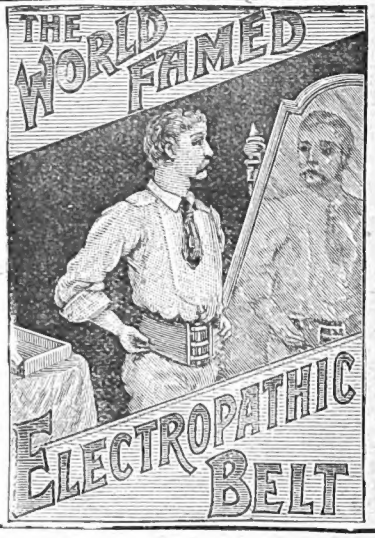

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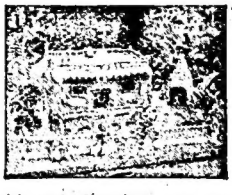

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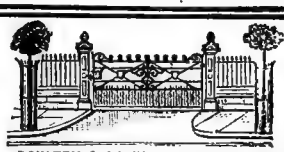

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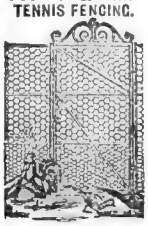

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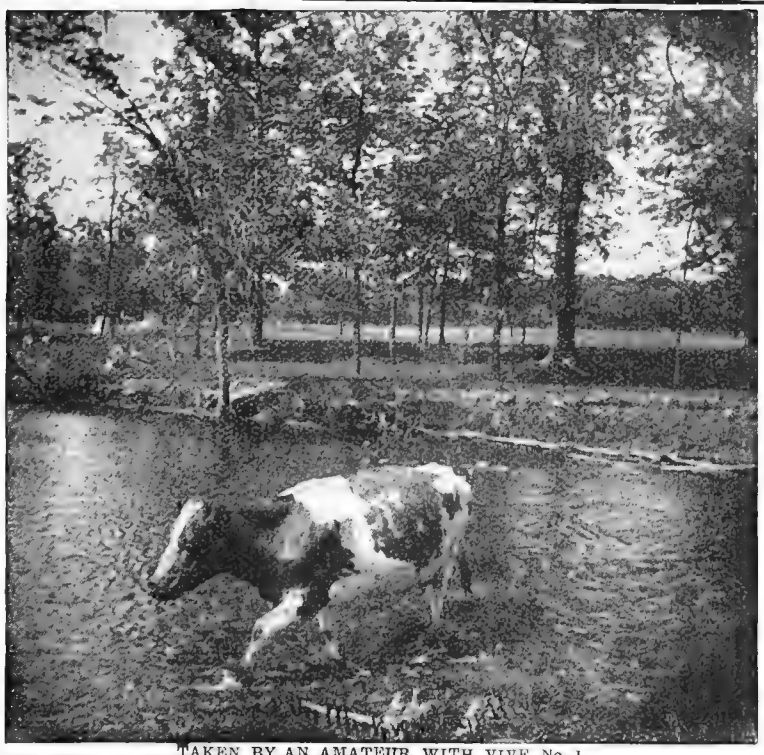

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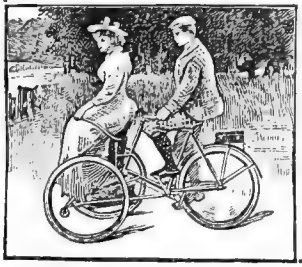

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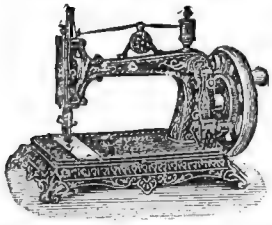

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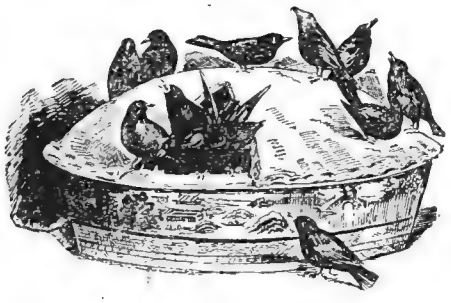

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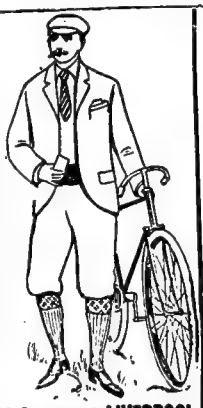

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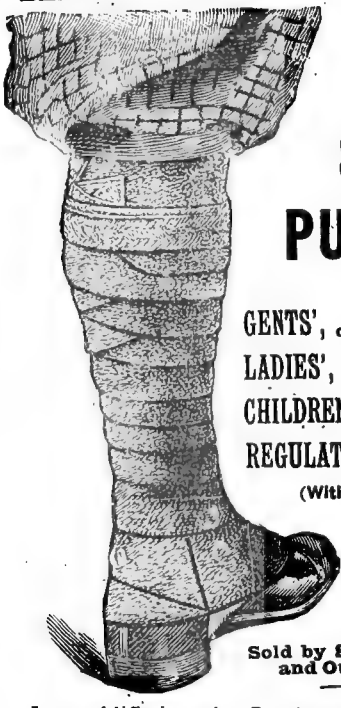

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first half-yearly Volume of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/-, or post free, 1/2.

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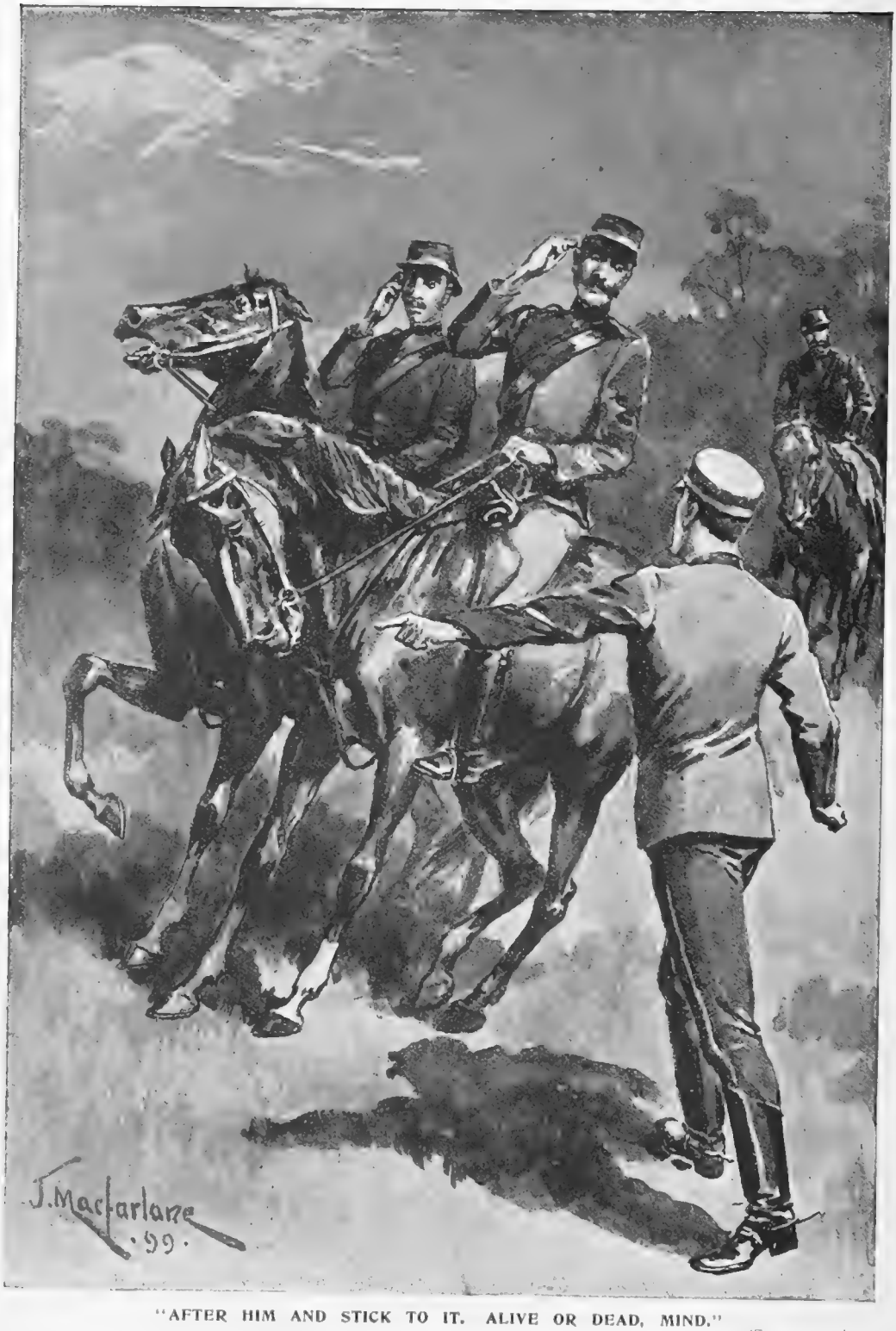

"AFTER HIM AND STICK TO IT. ALIVE OR DEAD, MIND."

(See page 272).

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THE ART OF THE CAMERA

Photo by George T. Woodward.

By Roderick Grey.

The Opinion of the Public.

I am not surprised to find that the remarks I made a little while ago on the most profitable way to use a camera have attracted no small amount of attention. I have had considerable correspondence on the subject. Not that I mind that. On the contrary, nothing helps a regular contributor more than a good big letter-box. I like to hear just what pleases my readers, for, after all, I write to please people, not to instruct them.

If anything I may write proves useful or suggests an idea, then so much the better. Bu I make no effort, and have no desire to go beyond that. Therefore, when I find a particular subject, or a particular way of looking at things is widely approved of, it encourages me to try and pursue the matter a little further.

It is the same with an editor. He can guage as a whole the popularity of his magazine, and of any special number, but it is not always so easy to decide as to the particular story or article which finds especial favour. Expressions of opinion on the various contents of each number are always of service. Large as the editor's morning mail may be, he will not object to intelligent expressions of opinion, favourable or unfavourable, and whether relative to any particular article, or to such series as Snapshot Interviews, or Our Stereoscopic Gallery, or the Bushrangers series of stories, or, indeed, to my own monthly remarks under the head of The Art of the Camera.

Public Popularity.

To "catch on" is an expression well-known enough in the newspaper and magazine world. In a sense it marks the ambition of every editor and every writer, and may be said to comprise public popularity.

What an extraordinary phenomenon is this "catching on!" A man writes a book. For a while it shows no signs of being widely read. Suddenly one becomes aware of the fact that the book is being talked about. You hear of it yourself, and read it, and you tell your neighbour of it, and he tells someone else, and so on. The book has "caught on," and the fortunate author suddenly finds himself famous, at any rate, for the time being.

It is the same with the competitions that appear in the various papers. One of them, after having been a most moderate success for several weeks, suddenly becomes the rage. Everyone goes in for it, and the printers can

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scarcely print off copies of the paper fast enough for the newsagents to sell.

Much the same thing has happened with the ROYAL MAGAZINE itself. It has "caught on," and the circulation, is something stupendous. Moreover, it will grow, and it deserves to. Thousands and thousands of you will buy, say, this particular number. You will read all, or most of it. Perhaps you will read what I am now writing. When you have finished the magazine, you will, I am certain, be pleased with your purchase. You will have had a wonderful three-pennyworth, and—and here lies the point of the matter—you will tell your friends so.

It is marvellous what an individual can do in the way of influencing his or her various friends. Some of your friends may not have seen the ROYAL MAGAZINE. You mention it, and advise the purchase. Behold a new reader. If everyone secured one new reader it would mean the doubling of the circulation which would be a pleasant, but somewhat big surprise for the proprietors. Great magazines, however, do not double their circulations in a month. But they grow steadily, and, therefore, I say that if you like this or any other number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE say so, not only to the editor, but to your friends.

Photo by F. Ollo.

The Water Carrier.

Some Hints to Photographers.

THE same applies to the matter of sending in photographs, the sort of photographs an editor wants. Tell your friends if you do not photograph yourself, tell them even if you do. Tell them also the sort of photograph that is no good, it is easier than telling them the sort that is. For instance tell them that a photograph half developed, or covered with spots, or out of focus, is of no value at all. Photographs must be clear and sharp with good lights and plenty of contrast. It must be remembered that in the reproduction these high lights tone down tremendously, and although the original may appear a trifle hard the ultimate result will be satisfactory.

Again, use a little discretion—I was almost going to write common sense—in choosing your subject. Such a lot of people write to the editor and ask, "What sort of photographs do you want?"

He wants all sorts. That sounds vague, perhaps, so I will endeavour to be more specific. To the individual who possesses a camera capable of taking a full-sized plate, I would recommend in the first place subject photographs—such, for instance, as the one in this number entitled "The Genius of the Family," &c.

It requires skill and some experience to do pictures of this sort. There must be proper composition. To compose a picture satisfactorily is of course one of the greatest arts of all picture makers, whether painters or photographers. I have no space at present to say much on this subject, but must leave it to the intelligence of the photographer. Enough to say that there should be no crowding of the figures into one corner in such a way that the first glance betrays the presence of a big patch of wasted space. The *idea* of the picture, the story of it, must, as it were, cover the entire area so that every part helps

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Photo by

Lallie Garet-Charles

SWEET SEVENTEEN.

Google

Photo by Worthing Portrait Co.

The Genius of the Family.

in its important or its modest way to tell the story. Every detail, too, should be harmonious, with no striking incongruity that at once stamps the picture as an arranged picture.

If your photograph is to represent a scene inside a labourer's cottage, there must be no accessories such as one would only find in a rich man's dwelling.

What are termed art studies are difficult, because, apart from everything else, a good model is hard to find. Humorous sketches, too, are difficult, because it is always so hard to be natural when trying to be funny. I wonder how many dozens of photographs of bicycle spills have been shown to me, and how few have appeared really funny. Most of them seem exactly what they are, viz., representations of arranged spills, with one machine laid carefully on the other and a couple of individuals obviously trying to appear hurt or surprised.

To the Owner of a Small Camera.

For the possessor of small cameras and hand cameras there is the field of interesting scenes and snapshots. The former includes photographs of buildings or monuments, or freaks of Nature that are interesting from a historical standpoint, or by reason of having become famous. With respect to this class of photograph, however, one has to remember that professional photographers may have already anticipated you in a manner and with a result you may find it hard to equal. Still, there are a number of really curious things individuals may light upon which are well worth photographing.

When you have taken and developed your negative, print a good copy. Do not commit that woeful mistake of sending a bad print with a letter explaining that you can easily send a good one. Send the good one in the first instance, and write lightly on the back a brief description. You can also send a more elaborate account of your subject, but the one on the back serves at once to catch the attention of the Editor.

To the Snapshootist.

Finally, for the snapshootist, there is the ability to do a series of, say, half a dozen pictures, all on the same subject, but different in themselves. Of course, I do not mean by that the same pictures merely taken from different points of view. I mean a set of pictures which illustrate how something is done, or which depict a peculiar custom.

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Photo by Lafayette.

AN ENGLISH BEAUTY.

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Photo by Wm. Marriott Dodson

"ROSES WHITE AND ROSES RED."

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People have such chances nowadays of taking unique photographs, considering how easy it is to travel about. Why, you can go by the Palace steamers all the way to France or Belgium and back in a day. How many opportunities may there not be for a snapshootist who has intelligence on such a trip. It is no use taking photos of what everyone notices. You must take what everyone will recognise, but has not exactly noticed. Fifty people will probably take the jetty as the steamer leaves, and the result is worthless. But how many will quietly stroll around the steamer and analyse the passengers, and then get good snapshots of, say, a half-dozen unmistakable types?

Again, a snapshootist must be ever on the alert for a real snapshot—the recording of some sudden incident. I remember talking to a friend one day who had been for a day's outing on one of those self-same Palace steamers. He had a hand camera with him but had no result worth publishing. Incidentally in describing his day's amusement, he mentioned that on his way down the river he saw a big liner not forty yards away from him cut into a barge and sink it.

"Did you snapshoot it?" I asked

"Well, er—er I—er wasn't ready, I—I was so interested that I didn't think of it."

"Exactly" I said, and I reflected that he had lost an opportunity of more than paying the whole expenses of his outing.

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

Pandora.

Prometheus made an image of clay and stole fire from Heaven to endow it with life. In revenge, Jupiter instructed Vulcan to make a female statue, and having caused it to live, presented the woman—the beautiful Pandora—with a box, to be opened after her marriage. Epimetheus, the brother of Prometheus, married Pandora, and when the casket was unlocked all the evils that flesh is heir to flew forth, and have ever since afflicted the world.

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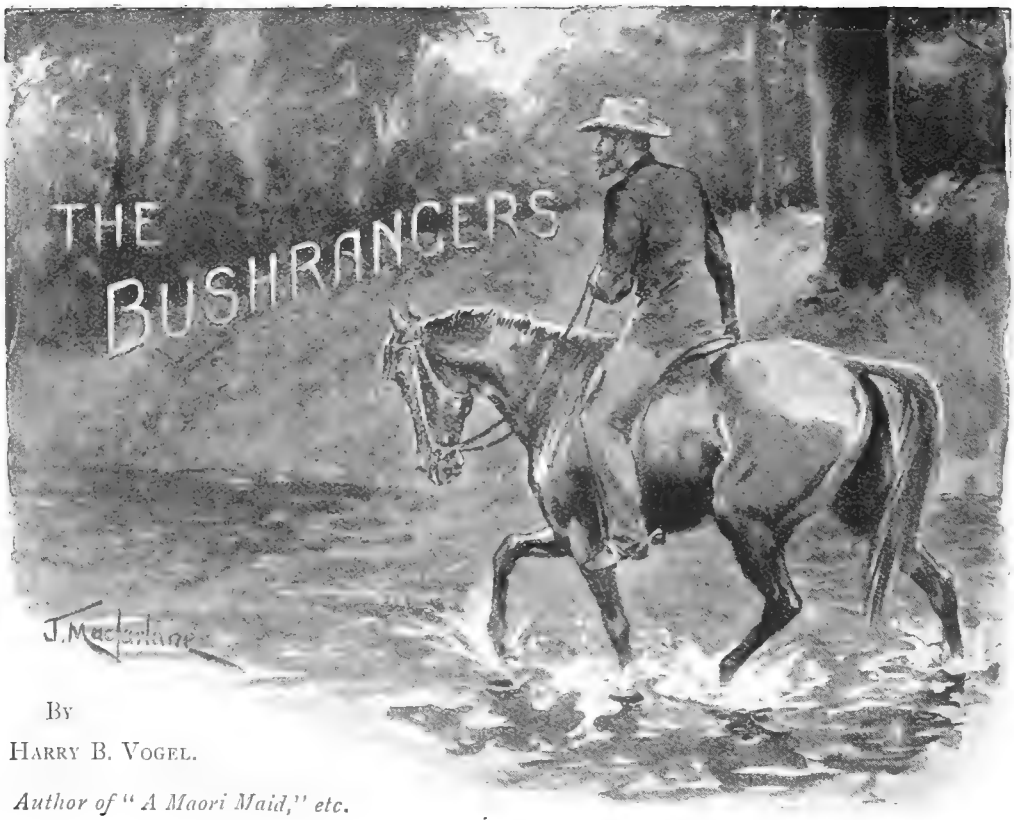

By

HARRY B. VOGEL.

Author of "A Maori Maid," etc.

No. IV.—GARNET'S MISSION.

(A Complete Story.)

GARNET'S descent on Campbelltown exasperated the police authorities beyond measure.

To have entered the township in broad daylight, to have made the entire police force prisoners in its own official building, to have paraded the streets in uniform, and, finally, to have entered the bank and robbed it of all its negotiable wealth, were nothing less than abnormities. It made the authorities almost a laughing stock. They felt themselves defied by a band of outlaws, and in consequence they were making the most strenuous endeavours to effect a capture.

Garnet, safe in his head-quarters by Echo Lake, shrewdly suspected as much. He rather enjoyed the reflection. Yet, at the same time, he had conceived a wild hope that the part he and O'Dare had played in rescuing the Bellmont station might be used to procure for himself and his companions some offer of clemency.

The idea crystallised until, after a council of war, he started on a solitary and desperate journey to interview Mr. Russell. The owner of Bellmont could, Garnet felt, exercise considerable influence, and in memory of the services he had been rendered Garnet thought that he would.

Riding across country, Garnet reached the homestead on the morning of the second day, and from one of the gardeners learnt that Mr. Russell was in the small cottage which served him as an office.

The bushranger's entrance startled the old gentleman. Yet he gave him a welcome and bade him sit down.

Garnet took a chair at the table facing the runholder, and then, quietly, and with unconscious pathos, told the object of his visit. He told the history of the first meeting with Nolans, and of the rescue. He told, too, just so much of his old life as was absolutely necessary without divulging his identity.

Mr. Russell remained silent for a few moments after his visitor had finished.

"You will make the application for us?"

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asked Garnet, eagerly. He was trembling. This man, brave as he was, was trembling and quivering with anxiety and hope.

"Certainly, most certainly. Its the least I could do in return for what I owe you. Besides, apart from that, I'm more than willing to believe that only the misfortune of circumstances has led you to your present plight. Pray God I may be the means of setting you once more in a position to retrieve your past!"

"Amen, sir, to that! It almost seems too much to hope for."

"No, no," said the old gentleman, "cheer up. Let me see. I'll write a letter direct to Colonel Hughes at Hobart. Nothing like going to the fountain-head. I don't know him quite as intimately as I knew his predecessor; still, I may have some influence. I'll set forth the whole of the circumstances, and undertake to keep you and Nolans as assigned servants and be responsible for you. See, I'll write it off at once."

"Not so fast," broke in a harsh voice.

Garnet and Mr. Russell glanced quickly across the room. Standing in the doorway was a young man, tall and slight, with dark hair and sallow complexion, and eyes set so near to each other that they leant a sinister, ugly look to his countenance.

As Garnet recognised the newcomer, he half rose from his chair.

"Lieutenant Austin!" he exclaimed.

"Exactly," was the reply, snapped out with a smile that showed a gleam of jagged tobacco-stained teeth. "No, no, my man, I know you, I saw you come in here, and now I've got you, Mr. Jack Garnet. Up with your hands or I'll put a bullet through your head—up, up."

The door closed to gently as Austin stepped into the room with his pistol pointed at the bushranger. The latter glanced quickly across at Mr. Russell and then slowly lifted his hands. At the same moment, the station-holder leapt to his feet.

"Mr. Austin, surely you forget where you are."

"Almost, 'pon my soul, almost, he, he! But I don't forget this gentleman," sneered the young officer.

"Then, let me remind you that you're a guest in my house, and at the present moment in my private room."

"Where this escaped convict has unceremoniously thrust his presence on you, eh, sir? Otherwise it would look like harbouring an escaped convict, eh?"

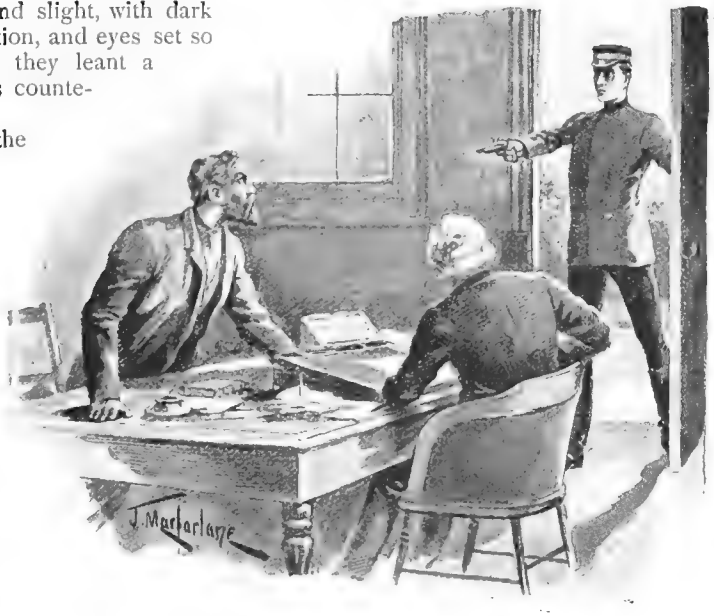
For an instant the old gentleman was white with passion. He controlled himself, and even laughed.

"Tut, tut, my young friend. James Russell of Bellmont is not in league with escaped convicts against the authorities. Put that pistol down, I tell you; this man won't harm you or move out of the room. I'll answer for that."

"He's my prisoner, sir."

"Pardon me, Mr. Austin, he's mine, and I decline to hand him over to you without you produce adequate authority."

"Eh, what? I don't understand," said Austin, with a blank look on his face.



"Not so fast," broke in a harsh voice."

"Sit you down and listen to what I have to say."

Still gripping his pistol, and keeping an eye on Garnet, who had dropped his hands on to the table, the officer took a chair.

"I'm writing a letter, the contents of which

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I will read to you. I want it sent with all possible dispatch to Colonel Hughes."

For some ten minutes there was stillness in the little room, broken only by the ticking of the big kitchen clock on the mantel-piece and the scratching of Mr. Russell's pen. At length the epistle was finished, and the station-holder read it out. It was a full recital of Garnet's story, and wound up with an appeal to Colonel Hughes to grant the request made by the bushranger.

"He'll never do it!" exclaimed Austin. "The days of the gang are numbered anyhow."

"Colonel Hughes will decide that," replied Mr. Russell. "They've earned some consideration, and I fancy my request may be granted. Now, will you yourself take this across to Campbelltown and have it sent on by special messenger to Hobart?"

"What's to be done with him meanwhile?" asked the officer with a nod towards Garnet.

"He will remain my guest," said Mr Russell slowly. "In a week's time you will be here with the answer—alone. This man has come to me under circumstances that forbid me to permit any unfair advantage being taken. I have no wish to act contrary to the law, but if I ask him to meet you here, it must be, as it were, under a 'flag of truce.' You understand? I'll add my stipulation in my letter, I think," said Mr. Russell, and he did so. He sealed up and directed the envelope, and gave it to Austin.

"I'll be off at once," he muttered, and he left the room.

"Mr. Russell, nothing in this world that I can do can express my gratitude for what you have just done," said Garnet, quietly.

"Tut, tut, let's see the result first. Don't be too sanguine, for I fear that young fellow. In the meantime, my wife will find a room for you——"

Garnet shook his head.

"Not that sir. I must measure myself by what I am, not by what I might have been. With your permission, I'll go off to the hut of one of your out-shepherds, and be back here this day week."

Eventually this arrangement was carried out, and Garnet, armed with a letter from Mr. Russell, took up his quarters at a hut on the western boundary of the run.

Slowly enough for the exile on the far boundary did the days slip by. In some strange way the hope that had once been high gave place to feelings of despair. He grew anxious and nervous. A presentiment that his mission would end in failure overwhelmed him. It filled him with the most poignant grief. The thought, too, that Austin the bearer of the letter was the chief obstacle to success, drove him to the precipice of unrestrainable anger.

He hated the young officer. He was the cruellest tyrant in the prison at Hobart. By his lies, he had over and over again gratified the depraved pleasure of seeing his fellow creatures writhe and shriek under the lash. He was the most hated of all the prison officials, and for that reason, probably, stood high in the estimation of those who were in authority.

Austin effected the transmission of his letter to Hobart, and obtained a reply with greater rapidity than Mr. Russell anticipated. The decision of the Commandant was unfavourable. Apart from the difficulty of condoning Wingy's crime, the final verdict was owing largely to Austin's assurance that he could easily effect Garnet's arrest.

To do this was unquestionably an act of treachery towards Mr. Russell. The Commandant himself realised this, and for his own part would have scorned to undertake such a task. Yet he understood Austin well enough to know that he, at any rate, would have no such scruple. Under the circumstances, therefore, of there being a man enthusiastic enough in his profession to do its dirty work, the commanding officer could only shrug his shoulders, despise the man, and quietly congratulate himself.

It was towards dusk of the sixth day, that Austin reached the outer gates of the Bellmont homestead. He was not alone. Five troopers and a sergeant rode behind him and rode with a quick eye and a lifting hand, for the man they hunted had a reputation not yet deserved.

Drawing near to the house, Austin posted the troopers so that they commanded it on all sides. Then, accompanied by the sergeant, he stepped up on to the verandah. He left his companion in the front hall, and, walking along the passage, entered the dining-room, where the evening meal was just on the verge of completion.

There was a cry of surprise when he entered.

A look of disappointment clouded his face as he glanced round the table and failed to see Garnet.

The window leading on to the verandah was open, but his quick eye saw no vacant seat, no sign of an absent partaker of the meal. Probably it only meant that he was in some other part of the house. But where?

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He looked sharply at Mr. Russell, and, with an abruptness, amounting almost to insolence, asked where Garnet was.

Mr. Russell made answer with a question.

"Have you a reply to my letter?"

"Yes," was the curt rejoinder; "there it is, and that shows my business." He dropped a letter and a sheet of folded paper on the table. Mr. Russell took up the former, and, opening it, read it.

"They have refused," he murmured, "Mr. Austin," he added, looking up, "I feel that this is your doing. It may be your idea of your duty. I only say, may God forgive you for driving three of your fellow-creatures back from an effort to be honest!"

"Where's Garnet, Mr. Russell? I'm not on any errand of discussion. The man can't escape me. I've surrounded the house, and unless you lead me to him, I regret to say that I must search for myself."

"I'll not lead you to him."

Austin stepped back to the open door and called the sergeant.

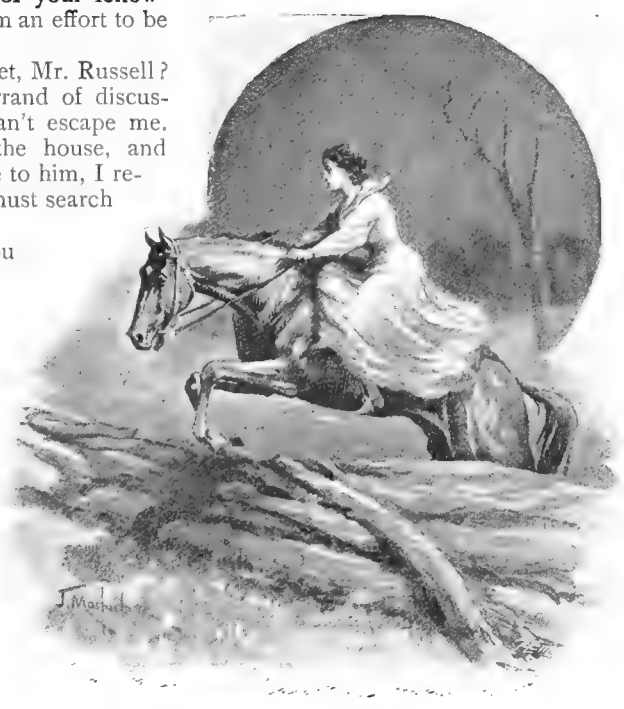
After peering carefully round the two men left the room, first insisting upon Mr. Russell's accompanying them.

"May, you must send someone out to the hut as quickly as you can go," whispered Mrs. Russell. "Garnet will be over here to-morrow unless he is warned."

The girl rose from the table and strolled out on to the verandah. On the lawn she saw a trooper, his horse tethered to a tree, his pistol in his hand. He touched his cap to the young lady, as she walked slowly towards the back of the house. Crossing the yard she entered the stables. They were deserted. At such an hour she knew the grooms would be down at the men's quarters.

Once inside, all trace of slow unconcern vanished. With feverish rapidity and the skill of a Colonial girl, she caught her horse in its loose box and slipped on the bridle. In another minute she had reached down her saddle, and, with quick fingers, adjusted it on the horse's back and tightened up the girths. She clambered on to the manger and jumped into the saddle. Then through the open door, bareheaded and in her white muslin dress, she rode out.

Fortune still favoured her, for she saw no one. Turning sharply to the right she passed along behind the outbuildings and leapt the post-and-rail fence that shut off the yard from the house paddock. Then, with a low call to her horse, she loosened the reins. The animal was fresh and flinging its head, it burst into a wild gallop.



She wasted no time on gates.

"Steady, boy, steady," whispered the girl, "there's a long way to go. Steady."

The animal seemed to understand its young mistress, and settled into a long, swinging stride.

The fates, kind to a point, had, however, a misfortune in store for the messenger of warning. Austin had heard the clatter of hoofs, and, from a window, perceived the girl leaving the stables, and again saw her as she galloped through the twilight across the paddock. In a moment her object flashed on him, and, moreover, he guessed her destination.

"She's gone to warn him, and he's out at the hut by Dead Man's Creek," he muttered, as he bolted out of the room. "Come along, there," he shouted to the sergeant as he tore downstairs.

It took but a few moments to gain the horses. Two men were left behind with in-

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structions to continue the search and keep a look-out. The others followed closely at the heels of the officer and the sergeant, as they darted through the yard gate and followed in the wake of the young girl.

She had no idea that she was being pursued, but she had a shrewd notion that sooner or later she might be, and, moreover, she was anxious to accomplish her return as speedily as possible. It was reckoned to be a good nine miles to the hut by the usual track, although riding as she was it was less.

She wasted no time on gates. She knew every inch of the country, and took every short cut she could. The moon was well up, and as twilight faded the silver rays grew stronger, until the night was like day.

In less than three-quarters of an hour she had accomplished her journey. She saw a light glimmering in the cottage, and as she clattered up the door opened.

She slipped from her saddle, and, almost stumbling, was caught by Garnet. For a moment she felt his strong arms about her, and to that girl, far away in that lonely hut, there came the sudden interpretation of all her hopes and anxiety. It was but the incident of an instant, and then quickly she told him her news.

In the moonlight she saw Garnet's face grow white. She saw a look of despair creep into the brown eyes. She saw the quiver and clutch of his hand, as he pressed it across his forehead.

Then she saw him erect with closed lips and a hard gleam in his eyes. She saw him stiffen himself and become at once the man of fierce action.

He tethered her horse to a post—it was blown but full of life. Then he led her inside and placed a stool for her.

"You must rest yourself a few moments," he said.

"Yes, yes, but you! You must be quick. They may have followed me. You must get away at once!"

"I'll saddle my mare," said Garnet, and he walked out through the door at the back, and in a few moments led the animal from the yard, saddled and ready. He threw the rein over the gate post.

"The shepherd's away after wild dogs," said Garnet, as he entered, "If you'll excuse me, I'll get my belongings together."

As coolly as though dressing in Piccadilly chambers, he slipped on his coat and waistcoat, and picked up his watch and whip. Finally, he looked to his pistols.

All the while the girl sat watching with eyes that might have betrayed her to an invisible onlooker.

Suddenly her quick ears caught a sound.

"S—sist! I hear horses. Hurry, hurry!"

Garnet stepped to the door. The girl was right. A horseman was approaching at full gallop, and he was near enough to be recognised as Austin. A hundred yards or more behind him Garnet caught a glimpse of others.

"It's Austin!"

"Quick, quick!" exclaimed the girl.

Garnet turned and held out his hand.

"Good-bye. God bless you for what you've done," he said, and before the girl quite realised, he had bent down and kissed her hand. In another instant he was gone.

Garnet had, during his four or five days' stay at the hut, made himself intimately acquainted with the surrounding country. Consequently, so long as he had sufficient start, he was not frightened of pursuit. Within a mile and a half the rolling, open land ran into a mass of broken hills and shallow creeks. Travelling up the beds of the latter would destroy all tracks, and would eventually lead him into the Western Ranges, whence a return to his headquarters was easy.

With a light touch of the spurs on the mare's flanks, Garnet flashed past the little yard and darted out into the silvery haze. For a short distance he kept a bee-line, so that the hut remained between him and his pursuers, and hid him from view. Then he bore away to the left and made for the gulley of Dead Man's Creek, intending to push up along the flats of the river.

He had no fear for himself. His mare was fresh, whilst the horses of the police had already come a fair distance at a good pace. Even apart from that, he was better mounted than any of them. Nor were they in all probability accompanied by a black tracker. If they were, his task would be more difficult, although even then he had little doubt of his ability to elude his pursuers.

Steadying his mare, he galloped down the dip. At the bottom, he let her have her head once more. Suddenly, a horrible thought flashed upon him. The girl!

He was saving himself. He was almost indeed beyond reach. But Miss Russell! What of her?

She was alone. Dick, the shepherd, was away and Austin would find her at the hut unprotected. True enough, the troopers were there, and in numbers there was safety. But suppose Austin sent the men on in pursuit and stayed behind himself!

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Garnet knew the man, knew him for the merciless, unscrupulous scoundrel that he was, knew him far better than did his kind-hearted host. No girl, much less a beautiful girl such as Miss Russell, was safe in the hands of such a fiend.

The young officer possibly might do what was right by her. He might send her to the homestead or even see her back himself. Yet, on the other hand, he might not. He had been outwitted by her. His treachery had been fruitless through her prompt bravery. Suppose he gave rein to his fierce temper? Suppose he wreaked some terrible revenge upon her?

The reflection that it might cost him his position was not likely at such a moment to trouble Austin. He had too powerful friends at Hobart to come to much harm. Moreover, by helping an escaped convict the girl had put herself into the fellow's power, and whatever happened to her he could deny, and would probably be believed. The police authorities were not likely to place much credence on any accusation made by a woman caught in the very act of assisting a notorious bushranger to escape.

Such were the thoughts, such the fears that assailed Garnet. A groan broke from his lips. It was impossible for him to push on. At all costs, at any risk, he felt impelled to make sure of the girl being out of reach of harm.

He pulled up short, and for a moment cast about in his mind for a means of doubling on his pursuers. Suddenly an idea occurred to him. It was dangerous. It was desperate. Yet it seemed the only chance he had.

With a touch of the spur he urged the mare along the grass-grown river bed at full gallop. Now and again a moor-hen would flick across the track and disappear into the short reeds, or a startled mountain-duck would rise with a loud whirr. He took no heed, but at a turn in the shallow river he wheeled the mare into the water, and waded up the centre of the stream.

He had chosen the moment with care, for the last few hundred yards the hard going was unlikely to have left a track that any but a tracker could discover. After wading some two hundred yards, Garnet suddenly turned sharp off to his right up a creek that travelled down from some rough rocky country.

"They'll know I'm well mounted and will reckon on my trusting to outdistance them. They'll imagine I'm pushing on for the Ranges," he murmured.

Presently he drew out of the creek, and in another moment was lost to view in the darkness of a deep cavity. He dismounted and took off his coat and spread it on the rock, holding the mare so that her fore-feet stood on it. Then he unfastened the bit to prevent her champing at it, and awaited the approach of the troopers.

They were not long. The mare heard them before he did, and he played with her soft nose and whispered to her. Nearer and nearer they came, until the hunted bushranger could distinguish their voices.

At the foot of the gully, not a hundred feet from their quarry, they drew rein. A word or two passed, and then once more

A man, with a pull, wrenched Austin from his hold.

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they pushed on up the main stream. Garnet's surmise was correct. They had no thought of his doubling back. They calculated that he was pushing on with the one idea of getting clear away.

"Austin's not there, and there are four of them," Garnet murmured, as he listened to the Sergeant leading the conference and giving the order to ride on. "I'll be in time, little woman, don't fear," he added softly.

He listened until the voices and the clatter of hoofs died away, and then quickly adjusted the bit in the mare's mouth. He slipped into his coat, and swinging once more into the saddle, pressed down the creek, and headed back along the trail he had come. It was as well he did.

Scarcely a minute after Garnet had left the cottage, the young officer dashed up. Leaping from his horse, and keeping it as a cover in front of him, he cautiously approached the door. On the threshold suddenly he saw Miss Russell.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a sneer, "so it was you, after all, eh? Where is he?"

"Gone!" was the girl's answer, and he saw a smile of triumph on her face.

"You warned him, eh? By gad! you shall pay for it!" He threw the reins over the post and pushed through, and from the back door saw Garnet in the distance. He rushed to the front of the hut as the troopers dashed up.

"He's made for that gully. After him, and stick to it, though you have to be at it until daylight! Alive or dead, mind!"

As they galloped off he re-entered the dwelling.

"Now, Miss Russell, what have you to say for yourself?"

The girl rose to her feet and met his look.

"Nothing," she answered, coldly, "except that I am going back to the homestead.

"Are you? Come, come, not so fast," he added, as she moved towards the door, "not so fast, I say," and he gripped her by the wrist.

She wrenched herself free.

"How dare you, Mr. Austin!"

"You've got the best of me over this so far, eh? Now I can turn tables. You came here and you can stay here. You and I, just the two of us; and very good company we'll be."

"I—I don't understand you."

"No. He, he," he laughed, "but you will. It's delightfully lonely and romantic. Sit down," he added, thrusting her back into the stool, "sit down and be at home."

Terrified to a silence, the girl sank on to the stool and buried her face in her hands. She realised her position then, and the trap she had fallen into. She was alone in this far away cottage, at the mercy of a man who was devoid of mercy. Nominally a gentleman and received as her father's guest by reason of his official standing, he was, nevertheless, a low, inhuman brute. The mask had fallen at last and she knew him for what he was.

For some minutes he left her in peace. He locked the front door and then led the two horses round to the yard at the back. The one thing she could do in his momentary absence she did. She armed herself with a short bowie knife she caught sight of on a corner of the rough mantel-shelf.

Presently he returned, and his insolence had degenerated into a fierce, merciless passion. He taunted her and teased her for awhile and then suddenly stooped to kiss her. With a sharp twist she tried to use the knife, but he was too quick for her.

"Ah, would you?" he exclaimed, wrenching it from her and throwing it into the middle of the room. Once again he essayed to embrace her, and in the brief struggle neither of them heard the thud of a horse's hoofs, and neither of them saw a face peer for a moment through the tiny window.

But just as his hot breath was on her cheeks, just as his lips were almost touching hers, the slender door burst in with a crash. A man in one stride stood by the girl and, with a pull, wrenched Austin from his hold. The young officer staggered back and his hand went to his pistol pouch. He was too late. Like lightning, Garnet's fist struck him on the jaw. He fell and lay in a motionless, huddled heap.

Garnet turned to the girl. The reaction had almost unnerved her. Yet, with the indomitable pluck and the pride of a brave woman, she steadied herself.

"That's twice, Mr. Garnet, twice you've saved me," she said, rising to her feet.

"No, no; it's nothing compared to what you did for me."

"Yes, yes," she murmured, and he saw that she was still a little dazed. Then suddenly she seemed to remember. "You're in danger here, in dreadful danger. Oh! you must get away quickly, quickly!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, but not until you yourself are in safety," was Garnet's quiet reply. "Where's your horse?"

"At the back, I think,"

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Throwing open the door, Garnet ran to the yard. He knew that his only chance was in speed and he was glad to find the horse ready for use. He led it round and quickly lifted the girl into the saddle. Then they started towards the homestead at a gallop.

"Where are you going?" she asked, racing alongside of him.

"To see you safely home," was the firm answer.

"But I'm safe now, quite safe."

"So am I. The police are off the scent. But I'll not canter a yard until you are safely home."

The girl made no answer, and mile after mile they galloped in silence.

"See," he exclaimed, as they reached the summit of a small rise, "there's someone."

"It's my father, I expect, and the police may be with him. Oh! you must not run deliberately into danger."

"I don't care. I must just be sure that it is your father," said Garnet, and there was that in his voice which brooked no questioning.

"It's a solitary rider," he exclaimed presently.

Half-way across the flat they met. It was Mr. Russell.

"May! Thank God you're safe!"

"Sh—sh, father, sh—sh, I'm safe, but——"

"Yes, yes, you must get away, Garnet. My application has failed, and the police are after you. I'll not let the matter drop, but I fear that though you and O'Dare might be treated leniently, they won't discuss Nolans."

Garnet shrugged his shoulders.

"He's my mate. We sink or swim together. Don't bother about it any more, Mr. Russell. I don't suppose we'll ever meet again, though you may hear of me. Good-bye, Mr. Russell — good-bye, Miss Russell. There's my road," he added, as he drew his hand from the girl's and pointed to the West, "into the darkness, away from the light of the dawn. It seems prophetic," he added bitterly.

Without another word, he wheeled sharply round and put his horse into a gallop. At the foot of a small spur he turned, and they could just see him. They themselves on the rise, father and daughter on their horses, stood silhouetted against the silver sky.

"God in heaven bless and preserve her!" the lonely rider murmured, as he lifted his hat. And above the thud of his horse's hoofs, there rose the deep sob of a brave man overwhelmed with regret.

"There's my road, into the darkness."

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By William Will.

In the old kirkyard of Crathie, sweet with the scent of the birks and the firs, are many of the Queen's memorials to those who, having served their day and generation by their sovereign's side, have passed through the valley of the shadow to their rest.

Is there, in the history of monarchies, a parallel to the dedication of Her Majesty's second book, "More Leaves?" "To my Loyal Highlanders," it runs, "and especially to the Memory of My Devoted Personal Attendant and Faithful Friend, John Brown, these records of my widowed life in Scotland are gratefully dedicated."

Prince Albert, when visiting the Balmoral stables, saw a rough country youth whose father occupied the Bush, a farm in the immediate vicinity of Balmoral, on the north side of the Dee. Prince Albert found that in his stable boy he had no sycophantic courtier, but a lad who spoke unaffectedly to him, with the ease that sits so well upon the Highlander. But let the Queen tell the story of the promotion of John Brown, who "in 1858 became my regular attendant out-of-doors everywhere in the Highlands, who commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attention, care, and faithfulness cannot be exceeded. . . He has since, most deservedly, been promoted to be an upper servant and my personal attendant."

What more Queen Victoria has to say of John Brown, is it not written in "Leaves" and "More Leaves?" Was the hill pony to be led when the Queen scaled the bens with no courtiers by her side—none save the Highlanders who ate the bread they earned at Balmoral—John Brown was there. Was the Royal carriage upset, John Brown was "indefatigable in his attention and care." Was breakfast to be served to the Queen in her sitting room, John Brown—"Brown, who is always ready to do anything required"—waited upon his mistress. Had the news of friends' deaths to be broken—such friends as Dr. Norman Macleod and the Prince Imperial—it was John Brown who was called upon to do the delicate work. It was Brown who had the keen eye for white heather; and it was Brown too, who, with the superstition of the Highlander, would not pass a clump without picking some.

John Brown dared to do what almost every man in these islands would have shrunk from, and to bear out this statement there are stories still told among the hills that have not yet found their way into print. When driving between Balmoral and Braemar one day, the Royal party was overtaken by a sharp shower of rain. The carriage was stopped, John Brown got down, and suggested to Her Majesty that she should put a plaid round her shoulders. The Queen declined the offer, and asked him to mount and let the drive be continued. "Hoots, lassie," said Brown, taking the plaid and placing it in position, "tak' the plaid roun' yer shoothers (shoulders) or ye'll get a wat skin."

The story of the table at Glassalt Shiel has already been told. One day Her Majesty,

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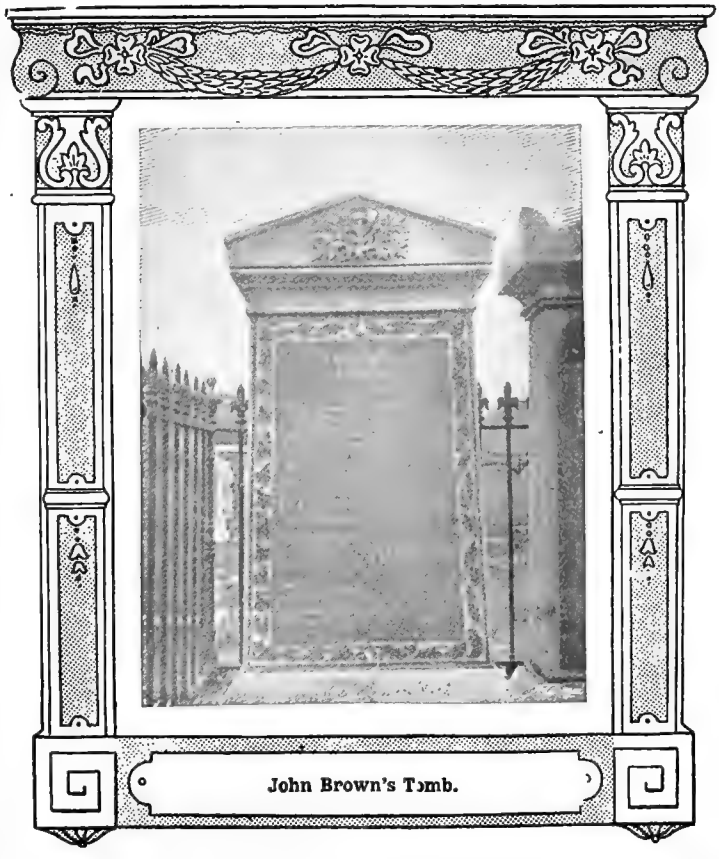
not in the best of humours, was sketching at the Glassalt Shiel. She wished for a table on which she might sketch, and the servants had exhausted the stock, but still the sovereign was dissatisfied. In their plight they went to Brown, who seized one of the rejected tables and set it down with a bang. The Queen looked up surprised, whereupon Brown exclaimed: "They canna *mak'* tables to you up here, your Majesty." His mistress took in the situation, and worked it off with a laugh.

When, in 1872, the young madman O'Connor rushed up to the Queen's carriage in Buckingham Palace Garden with a petition in one hand and an old pistol in the other, it was appropriate that the faithful retainer, Brown, should seize and disarm him. For this act Brown was presented by Her Majesty with a medal, which is shown on a life-size bronze statue by Boehm which stands in the Balmoral grounds.



John Brown's Tomb.

John Brown died at Windsor, in 1883, aged 57 years, grieved for as a friend by the Queen, who afterwards wrote: "His loss to me . . . is irreparable, for he deservedly possessed my entire confidence; and to say that he is daily, nay, hourly, missed by me . . . is but a feeble expression of the truth. A truer, nobler, trustier heart, more loyal and more loving never beat within a human breast."

Over his grave in Crathie Churchyard his mistress and Queen erected a block of native granite, on the pedestal of which is a Scotch thistle. The inscription runs to the effect that John Brown, "personal attendant and beloved friend of Queen Victoria," was "born at Craithenaird, December 8th, 1826; died at Windsor Castle, March 27th, 1883. That friend on whose fidelity you count, that friend given to you by circumstances over which you have no control, was God's own gift. 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

The Queen had erected a large house for her faithful servant, who, however, was destined to rest in it but one night, and that night he was in his coffin, for on the morrow he was carried to the quiet kirkyard; and it is a remarkable coincidence that John Brown's successor, his cousin, Francie Clark, who also was honoured by the Queen with the gift of a house, was in it for only one night, and he, too, was in his coffin, preparatory to burial in Braemar Kirkyard on the following day.

Next to the decease of John Brown, no death among her servants was felt so painfully by Her Majesty as that of Annie Macdonald, who for many years was the Queen's senior dresser. Annie Macdonald, the "Annie" so often lovingly mentioned in the Queen's Journals, died on Sunday, July 5th, 1897, and it is a remarkable coincidence that on the corresponding Sunday (July 7th) two years before, Her Majesty lost her personal attendant, Francie Clark.

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The Queen's Tribute to Annie Macdonald.

Mrs. Macdonald "was a most devoted and excellent servant, and a true friend of the Queen, who deeply deplored her loss." She was the daughter of an Abergeldie blacksmith named Mitchell, and entered the Queen's service as a coffee-room maid over forty years ago. Early Her Majesty took an interest in the Deeside lassie, and when Annie fell in love with and married one of the Queen's footmen, her Royal mistress interested herself deeply in the union. Then, when death took Macdonald away, just three years after the Queen's own great bereavement, the eagerness with which the Sovereign, out of the fullness of her heart, tried to cheer her servant has been instanced as one of the most pathetic incidents in Her Majesty's personal life. The Queen never sought to conceal her great regard for Annie Macdonald. She petted her; she painted her portrait in oils; and on the walls of one of Her Majesty's private apartments the portrait has an honoured place. Unlike many Court favourites of these and other days, Annie Macdonald was loved by all who knew her. Shopkeepers in the vicinity of the Royal Palace of Windsor knew the kind face, whose eyes were continually looking for sweets and toys for the Royal grandchildren, or for some warmer raiment for her more unfortunate sisters.

The news of Annie Macdonald's death greatly shocked the Queen. An entertainment to be given to the Royal tradesmen was hurriedly ordered to be postponed, four servants with lovely wreaths were sent from Windsor to the funeral at Crathie, and a memorial service was held at Windsor. To one of the wreaths was tied a card, on which, written by the Queen, was :—"As a mark of affection."

When Her Majesty is at Balmoral the grave is never without wreaths, sent by order of the Sovereign. In our photo of Annie Macdonald's tomb some of Her Majesty's flowers are to be seen.

The inscriptions and the tomb are like everything of the kind that Her Majesty does, neat and affecting. Beneath a handsome cross in relief is this :—"This stone is placed by Queen Victoria in grateful and affectionate remembrance." On one side are these words :—"She was in the Queen's service for 41 years, and during 31 years was wardrobe-maid, and the faithful servant and devoted friend to the Queen, by whom she is deeply deplored." At the foot is this from Proverbs :—"Let her own works praise her." And on the base :—

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling."

The tombstone to the memory of Mrs. Macdonald's husband, one of the Queen's footmen, stands at the head of Her Majesty's tribute to her wardrobe maid.

In the wall, a few paces from Mrs. Macdonald's grave, is a tablet erected to the memory of Francis Leys, one of the few trusted retainers who were allowed to accompany Her Majesty and the Prince Consort on their mountaineering excursions.

In the shadow of some spreading trees in the kirkyard of Crathie are three simple headstones to the memories of men whose names

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are not redolent of the heather. John Spong, whose death at the age of 49 years was deeply regretted by the Court, was Queen Victoria's upholsterer ("travelling tapissier" is the native-puzzling designation on the tombstone), and when he died at Balmoral in June, 1870, had been for 19 years in the Royal service. He was a man in whom the utmost trust was reposed, as was necessary in the responsible position occupied by him. On the headstone, "erected by Queen Victoria, in remembrance of his faithful services" is this verse:

Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
Still shall be blessedness and light at last,
Cast off the cares that have so long opprest—
Rest, sweetly rest.

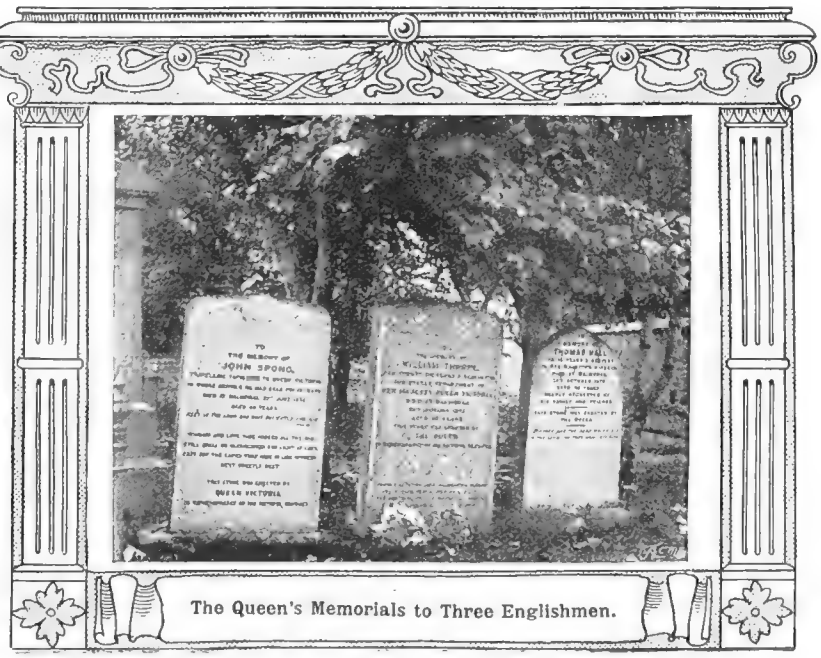
The central stone of the humble trinity bears the name of William Thorpe, and "was erected by the Queen in remembrance of his faithful services." William Thorpe, when he died, had been in the Royal stables for some twenty-six years. During that long period he came often in contact with the Prince Consort, who had a high opinion of Thorpe's character. On the tombstone are these lines, selected by Queen Victoria:

Earth's fleeting joys he counted nought,
For higher, truer joys be sought—
And now with angels round Thy throne,
Unfading treasures are his own.

The smallest of the three stones was erected by the Queen to the memory of Thomas Hall, who was for many years attached to the kitchen staff of the Royal household. He died, "deeply regretted by his family and friends," at Balmoral in October, 1875; and on the gravestone which the Queen caused to be raised over his grave are the words taken from the Scriptures: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they shall see God."

Perhaps the most pathetic interest attaches to the stone erected by a sorrowing Queen to the memory of James Bowman, the Royal gamekeeper. Bowman, when he died, was a man over the allotted span, namely, seventy-one years of age. One morning, the old gamekeeper left home for the purpose of gathering cranberries in the Ballochbuie deer forest, and in getting over a fence, became entangled in the wire. The poor old man must have made desperate efforts to extricate himself, for when on the following day a post-boy discovered him, Bowman was torn and bleeding. He was greatly exhausted, for he had been struggling for twenty-four hours in the fence. When the Queen heard of the accident that had befallen her faithful servant, and of the critical state in which he lay, she hastened to his cottage, which she reached just as he was breathing his last.

Her Majesty was deeply affected, for old James Bowman was a valued servant and had been a favourite of the Prince Consort. He was physically, a fine type of a Highlander, and was one of those painted by Macleary at the express request of the Queen. On the mural memorial stone, of native granite, Her Majesty caused to be



The Queen's Memorials to Three Englishmen.

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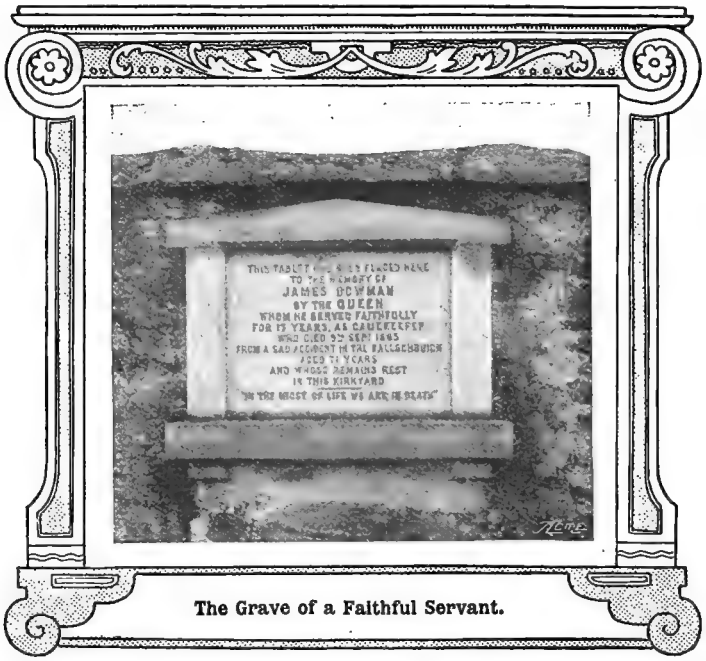
TO THE MEMORY OF
JAMES DOWMAN
BY THE QUEEN
WHOM HE SERVED FAITHFULLY
FOR 17 YEARS, AS GAMEKEEPER
WHO DIED 27 SEPT 1845
FROM A SAD ACCIDENT IN THE BALLOCHBUIE
AGED 71 YEARS
AND WHOSE REMAINS REST
IN THIS KIRKYARD
"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH"

The Grave of a Faithful Servant.

inscribed: "In the midst of life we are in death."

Under a mountain-ash tree in a corner of Crathie Kirkyard, stands a plain grey headstone, which was erected by Queen Victoria to the memory of Daniel Burgoyne, who was only a few years in the Queen's service as an assistant in the butler's department. Burgoyne was a young man of good parts, and was rapidly making a name for trustworthiness that would have secured him further promotion. He died in 1886, at the age of thirty-six, and doubtless it was Burgoyne's youth that prompted the Queen to select for the gravestone these simple words from Holy Writ: "Thy will be done."

Peter Farquharson, whose name savours of the district, was for many years at Balmoral, and was another favourite gamekeeper under the Prince Consort. He was a quiet, plodding man, a good type of the men with whom the Prince and the Queen surrounded themselves when on Deeside.

In a lesser degree than John Brown, Francie Clark had the confidence of his Queen, and he also had a headstone erected to his memory by his sovereign. He was originally dog man at Balmoral, and when, occasionally, John Brown was off for a day or two, Francie took his place.

Physically, Francie Clark was a fine type of a Highlander, and as—like all the Queen's immediate attendants—he was always immaculately dressed, he stood well in Her Majesty's eyes.

Francie was for thirty-five years in the Queen's service — John Brown was a thirty-four years man—and in 1894, at the Braemar Gathering, he was awarded the premium for length of service.

When influenza attacked him a second

The Grave of Daniel Burgoyne.

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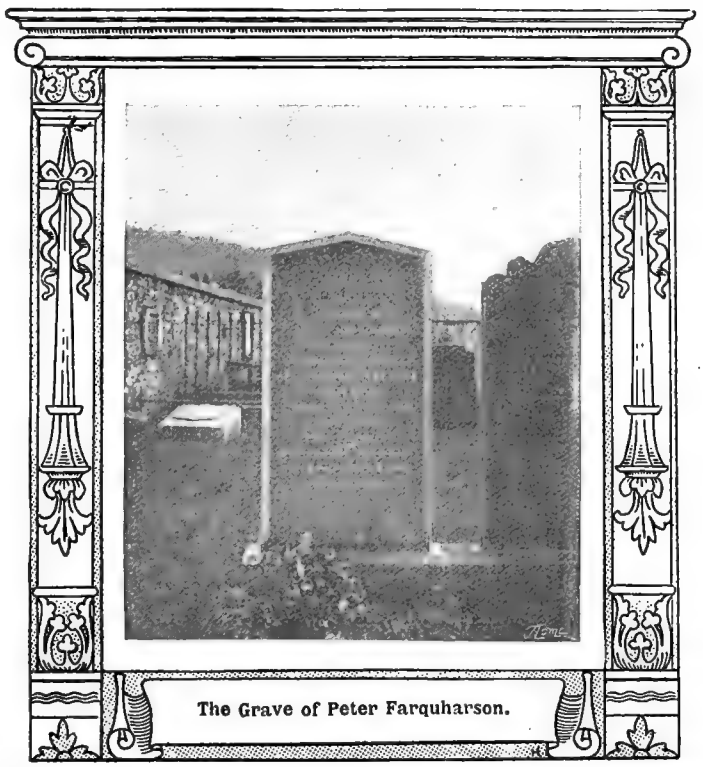
time in 1895, Her Majesty sent her attendant to the Continent, from which he returned apparently fully recovered, and deeply touched by the Queen's kindness. Cancer had been making insidious inroads, however, and although Her Majesty ordered the best that money could procure, secured two nurses for night and day attendance upon the sufferer, and saw that everything surgically possible was done, Clark died after an operation.

Her Majesty was terribly dejected. She had postponed a performance of the opera "Romeo and Juliet," and now she countermanded the order for music on the Terrace. Francie Clark's remains were taken to his beloved hills; and in the graveyard of St. Andrew's, Braemar, he was laid to rest; mourned by Queen and cottar. A lovely wreath of immortelles from Her Majesty lay on the coffin, and floral tributes from Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and other Royalties were also sent.



The Grave of Peter Farquharson.

If Queen Victoria admired her attendant in the flesh, she did not forget his grave in the lonely God's acre on Upper Deeside; for one of her first actions when she came down in the autumn of 1895 was to go and place with her own hands a floral tribute on the grave of her departed servant.

By the side of the mural tablet erected by Queen Victoria to the memory of Francie Clark, is another "in memory of John Grant, for 26 years the faithful head forester to the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria, who died at Rebreck, 17th November, 1879, aged 89 years; also his wife, Elizabeth Robbie, who died at Craig Lourigan Cottage; . . . much beloved by Queen Victoria and all the Royal Family."

John Grant was born in the village of Braemar in 1810, and having been twenty years with Sir Robert Gordon as keeper, was taken over with the estate by the Prince Consort. It was the Queen herself who said of Grant that he was "an excellent man, most trustworthy, of singular shrewdness and discretion." He was devotedly attached to the Prince, and the Prince was fond of him.

Her Majesty has always had a real concern for the people about her. Everything connected with the families of her servants is of interest to her. She knows all about the children round Balmoral. When one of John Grant's sons died in America, Her Majesty sent a headstone of native granite to be placed over the grave. One of the sons was Prince Leopold's wardrobeman, and to-day John Grant's daughter, kindly Mrs. Mussen, is housekeeper at Balmoral Castle.

In his old age John Grant was pensioned, and in a lodge called Croft, built for him by the Prince Consort, he passed the remaining years of his life. It was to his cottage at Rebreck that the Queen went often to see her old and trusty servant; and it was on the occasion of one of these visits, "after darling Alice's loss," that Grant broke down with grief and sympathy, sobbed hysterically, and could not come into the room where the Queen was. He died in the autumn of 1879,

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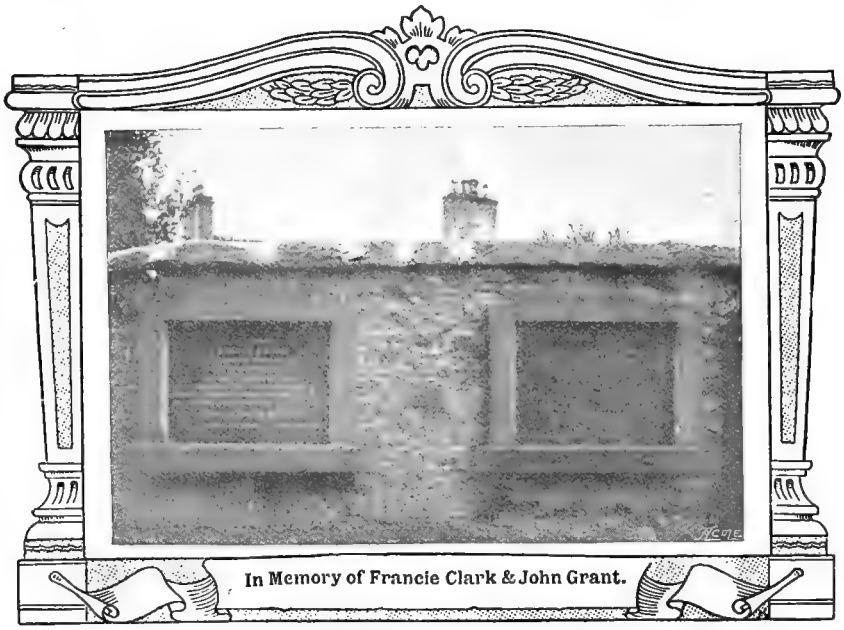

In Memory of Francie Clark & John Grant.

and Her Majesty postponed the departure of the Court for a few days in order that she might pay her last respects to her old friend.

Because of the respect she bears for those grown grey in her service, the human and humane interest that she takes in the lowliest in her household, and the womanly instinct that prompts her to do the right thing at the right time, Queen Victoria is enthroned in the hearts of her servants; and the lasting bronze statue of Her Majesty at Balmoral—a present from her Deeside servants and tenants—is a tribute not alone to a sovereign, but to a woman who rejoices with them that rejoice, and who sorrows with them that hath sorrow.

. In that little Scottish kirkyard she has forged many a link to the great chain that binds her to her people as no monarch of the world has been bound. One's mind travels to a contrast of that king whose dying speech was a condemnation of the very essence of our Queen's greatness. "A subject and a Sovereign are clean different things" Charles said. And Queen Victoria—well, I dare swear she thanks God rather that she is the good woman that she is than that she is Queen of the greatest empire on the face of this earth.

A Glimpse of Crathie Kirkyard.

Photographs by Messrs. Cooper and Porter, Aberdeen.

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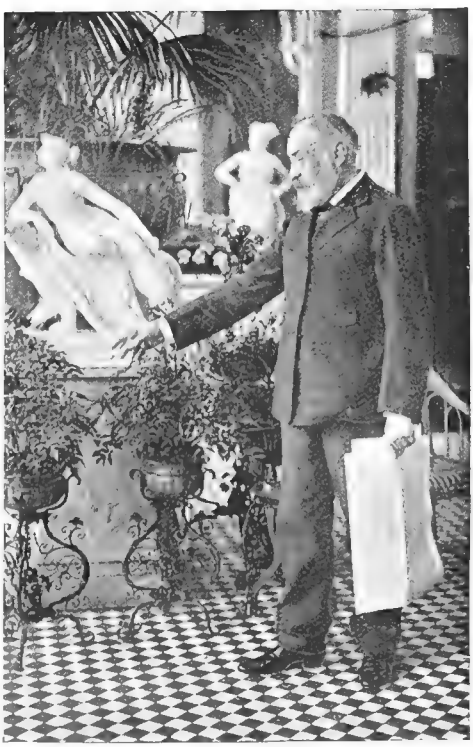
MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE, M.P.

"Ah! Good morning. I'm afraid I haven't very much time to spare."



"I leave button-holes to—well, other people; but I'm very fond of flowers."

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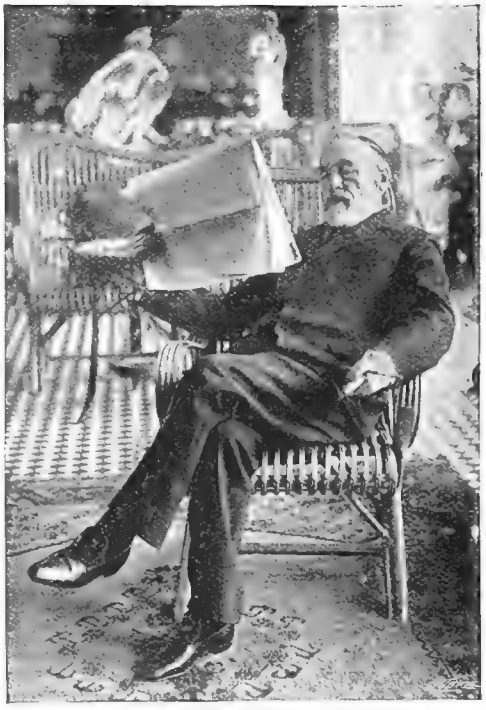
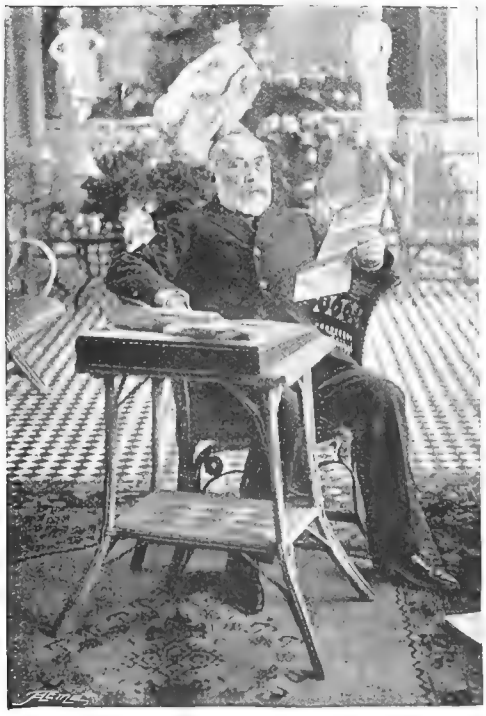
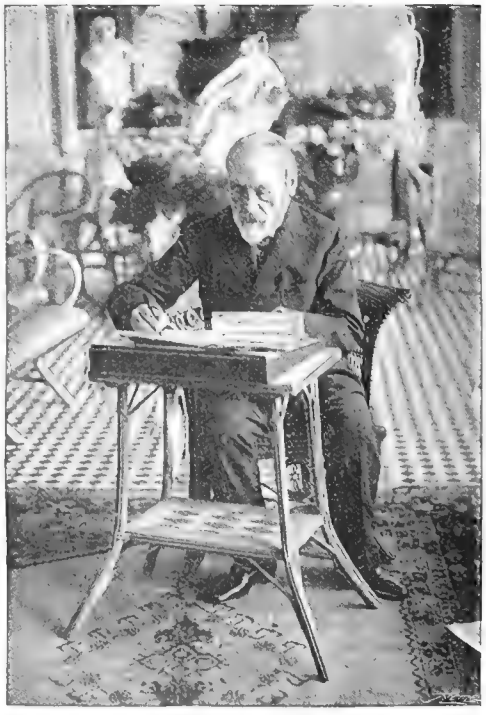
"I have a cosy corner over here."



"You won't mind my finishing my pipe?"



"I do a considerable amount of work down here



Writing and attending to a portion of my correspondence."

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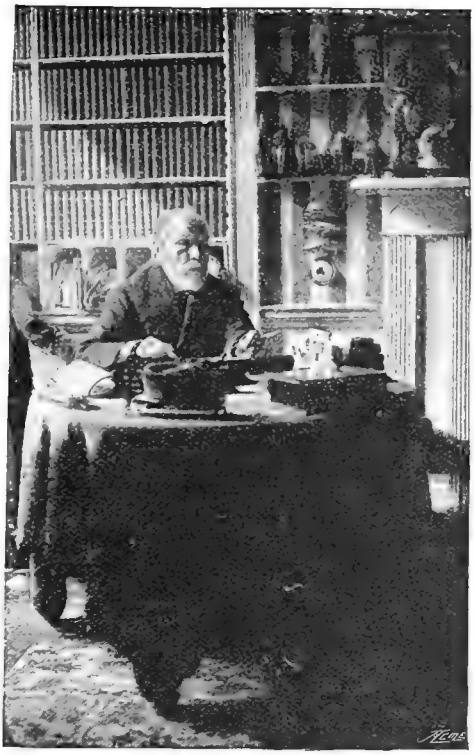

"I must just finish off some notes."

"There is nothing like being accurate in one's facts, you know."

Off to the House.

From Special Snapshots by C. Arthur Pearson Limited.

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By Baroness Emmuska Orczy.

PROLOGUE—1783 A.D.

They brought the boy home, the three of them—his two friends, and the doctor—brought him home to die, for the surgeon said he could only last an hour at most.

Juliette did not cry, did not even utter a sound. Her great eyes wandered from the inanimate form of her brother before her, to that of her father, whose joy and pride the boy had been.

The lad had quarrelled with the young Baron Déroulède—as gallant, and honourable a gentleman as could be found at the King's Court.

The motive of the quarrel? Ah, who could tell? Ostensibly a dispute over a deal at cards. Probably the bright eyes of one of the Queen's Maids of Honour might not be altogether out of the question.

And so this morning they fought, in a *carrefour* of the Bois de Vincennes. The Baron Déroulède was a noted swordsman, and the lad fell after the third attack with a thrust through his left lung. The doctor thought it best to bring him home—to die in his father's, his sister's arms.

Presently, when it was all over, when the young body lay in marble-like majesty, when the friends had departed, and the old Count Marny was alone with his daughter, face to face with his great grief, he took Juliette's hand and, placing it on her dead brother's head, he spoke in tones, that were almost those of a maniac, so wild and purposeless they seemed; though to *her* they had the solemnity born of unconquerable sorrow.

"Juliette, I may be too old to accomplish it, but you are young; swear, Juliette, swear that he will not remain unavenged."

Juliette repeated the oath her father thus dictated to her.

"You will find him out, Juliette; remember you must be cunning, but God will help you to track *him*, the murderer. And I too, Juliette, when I am dead, my spirit will help you. Swear, little one . . . swear, once more."

And Juliette swore, as her father commanded. Then the old man seemed satisfied.

CHAPTER I.—1793 A.D.

It was never safe in that terrible year of 1793 for any woman of outwardly refined appearance to walk in the streets of Paris alone. Any passer-by, therefore, would have wondered at what could have possessed that graceful young girl to walk down the Rue Taitbout alone in the middle of the afternoon, when there are more idlers than ever at the corners, more absinthe than at any other time of the day in the heads of the good citizens and citizenesses of Paris.

She walked rapidly the whole length of the street towards an imposing group of tall houses, where dwelt several well-known citizen-deputies. So far she had been left fairly unmolested, save for a few jeering remarks at her dainty appearance.

Doubtless the broad tricolour scarf the young girl wore tied round her waist had contributed in no small measure to her comparative safety. It seemed, therefore, an act of absolute folly on her part that, having reached a spot close to No. 25 of the Rue

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Taitbout, a handsome house inhabited by the popular Citizen-Deputy Déroulède, she should suddenly tear off the Republican badge, which had been her safe conduct, and throw it ostentatiously in the mud.

This extraordinary overt act of anti-patriotism was the spark that set the pent up tempers aflame. For one moment positive stupor petrified the lookers on; but this only lasted a second. The next, twenty hoarse voices shrieked with frenzied passion:

"Down with the aristocrat!"

"To the lantern, to death with her who insults the Republic."

Shrieking women, half-tipsy men, yelling urchins seemed to have sprung up from the very ground, for in less than a minute the foolhardy girl was attacked by a regular crowd of the lowest Paris mob, gesticulating, hooting, yelling, while those in the foremost rank had already snatched at her skirt, and were dragging her away from the porch of the house, to which, after her curious act of defiance, she now clung with the energy of wild terror and hopeless despair, her back against the door, facing the hideous crowd. In an agony of terror she gave forth one piteous shriek, hammering at the door with her small fists.

"Help, Citizen Déroulède! Help! murder! Here, at your very door."

A long, mocking laugh from the mob greeted this piteous appeal. At that moment the door behind her was gently opened, a strong arm swiftly and suddenly encircled her waist, and in less than a second she felt herself dragged away from the mob.

Five minutes later the young girl, whose foolhardy, and apparently purposeless, action had so nearly proved her own undoing, was sitting comfortably installed before a gaily blazing fire, while an elegant and dignified-looking old lady leant over her, trying further to soothe her still agitated nerves.

Through the window, which was partially open, came the sound of a powerful voice, evidently accustomed to command and to be obeyed.

"My son's voice," said the old lady with undisguised pride, "you need have no more fear now, mademoiselle; he is talking to the mob, you are under the protection and in the house of Citizen-Deputy Déroulède."

A look of exultation and triumph crossed the girl's eyes, but it was a momentary flash, the next instant she was thanking Citizen Déroulède, who had stepped into the room once more, for his timely aid in a moment of such deadly peril.

The girl looked very beautiful in her helplessness and gratitude. No wonder that the Citizen-Deputy, who was but a young man after all, stooped and kissed the dainty hand that was stretched out towards him, forgetting that such customs would have been called "aristocratic," and most unworthy of a representative of the People.

In less than a minute the girl was attacked by a crowd of the lowest Paris mob.

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CHAPTER II.

About a week after the events recorded in the last chapter, five men were sitting in Citizen Déroulède's comfortably furnished study round a table covered with a green cloth, and encumbered with cards, counters, and the usual accessories that are necessary for a game of hazard. Though each held in his hand a few cards, and from time to time made a jerky attempt at following some sort of game, it was nevertheless quite obvious that these five men were discussing other matters than the hazards of baccarat or the latest production at the "Molière." The face of each looked anxious and careworn, and all of them started visibly at the slightest sound behind the heavily curtained door or closely shuttered windows.

The host himself, a powerful, well built figure, with handsome refined features, so well known in the assemblies of the "Convention," seemed eager, alert, watchful, and his strong fist was doubled up on the table with a gesture of determination and energy.

"We must succeed this time," he said, "I see no eventuality to stop us. We five who have planned this thing are alone to know of it. We cannot, we shall not fail."

"At any rate, there is no chance of a traitor among us," said one of the guests. "Money is plentiful; our measures are well taken. There is only the great, the difficult task of apprising the unfortunate Queen of the means we have devised for her escape, and of conveying to her the necessary funds."

"As you all know," said Déroulède, "fate has wonderfully favoured us. I am on duty as governor at the Conciergerie after to-morrow, and, though I can never have long talks with her Majesty—whom may God preserve and protect!—yet I can always slip money and letters into her hand."

"In the meanwhile, are the letters and money safe in your house?"

"Safely locked up in that desk," said Déroulède reassuringly. "My mother has our cause as much to heart as any of us, and our two Auvergnat servants, terrified though they are into a semblance of republicanism, are staunch to the holy cause, and devoted slaves to my mother and myself."

"But, Citizen Déroulède," said one of the guests, an oldish man, somewhat tentatively, "you have a visitor in your house. What of her?"

"The daughter of a good Royalist, who died for his convictions," said Déroulède rapidly; "a girl who nearly met with a terrible death through a foolhardy exhibition of her principles, in the open streets; moreover," he added fervently, "one of God's most beautiful creatures, full of guilelessness and innocence."

A smile went round the faces of those assembled; but evidently Déroulède had succeeded in reassuring them. No doubt the girl was his *fiancée*, or almost so, and as such there would be no cause for the fear of her indiscretion.

The hour was getting late, and all that was necessary had been fully discussed. The four men prepared to leave, and were wrapping themselves in their mantles and cloaks whilst shaking hands with their host.

"Will you, for our own satisfaction," said one, "let us assure ourselves with our very eyes that the letters and money are absolutely safe? It is a great responsibility on such young shoulders as yours, Citizen Déroulède, to conduct this great affair almost single-handed."

"I know no fear," said Déroulède proudly; "and here," he added, taking a key from his breast pocket and unlocking his desk," is the casket that contains all that is needed to place our beloved queen out of the clutches of the bloodthirsty tigers who . . . "

He paused, the casket was still in his hand. All heads were turned, terror-stricken, towards the door, which had been gently and silently opened.

"Madame Déroulède has desired me to ask Monsieur, if she should send in some refreshments for his friends, before they leave."

Juliette's graceful figure was standing in the doorway, one tiny hand holding back the heavy draperies, that framed her like a picture. As well have suspected, one of the saints of Notre Dame to harbour thoughts of treachery or even indiscretion, as this sweet face, all youth and girlishness.

Déroulède smiled re-assured, and with deliberation and calmness, replaced the casket in his desk, and once more turned the key. The others seemed to have conquered their fright.

Juliette after hearing Déroulède's thanks, again retired, and the five men were once more alone.

Not one of them made any comment on the little incident that had so much disturbed them, and their host seemed anxious not to provoke any.

Ah! had they but been gifted with second sight, or had the bandage of wilful blindness been torn away from their host's eyes, the bandage placed there by the most beautiful

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hands in Paris, their quietude would not have been of long duration. Juliette had paused one instant outside the door, her hand pressed against her heart, as if to repress its very beating. A look of triumph, of exultation, aye! of vengeance satisfied, distorted for a moment those Madonna-like features.

CHAPTER III.

The next evening Déroulède was to leave his mother and his home, for his new quarters within the Conciergerie, in his capacity as temporary lieutenant, which functions he intended to utilise for the furtherance of the great plan he and his comrades had conceived, to effect the unfortunate queen's escape.

He had said good-bye to his mother, who had already retired to her room, and now stood in his study, ready to go, the fateful casket in a small valise which he held in his hand.

"Tell Mademoiselle Juliette, that if she will favour me with her presence, I would wish to bid her good-bye," he said to his servant, "and in half an hour see that a carriage is at the door, to take me and my luggage."

Five minutes later she came in, tall and graceful. Her cheeks were very pale, her lips trembled slightly, and there was a wild, curious look in her large, wide open eyes.

"It is kind of you, Mademoiselle, to grant my request," he said, with a timidity, most unusual, in this man accustomed to face and speak to the most unruly mob the world has ever known, "and to come to bid me God speed."

"You are not going for long, Citizen Déroulède?" she asked.

She seemed strangely nervous and agitated, and once almost seemed as if she would fall. He led her to the sofa, and took a low seat beside her.

"In these times, Mademoiselle, any farewell might be for ever. But I am actually going for a month to take charge of the unfortunate prisoner at the Conciergerie."

"In any case, then, Citizen Déroulède, the farewell I bid you to-night will be a very long one."

"A month will seem a century to me, since I am destined to spend it without seeing you," he said, as if involuntarily; "but——"

He paused, and looked long and searchingly into those eyes, that still wore that wild, haggard gaze. Then he whispered, almost inaudibly:

"But I should not dare to hope that the same reason would cause you to call that month a long one."

She turned perhaps a trifle paler than before, and drew her hand hurriedly away, for he had tried to seize it.

"You misunderstand me, Citizen," she said; "I meant that I cannot stay any longer under Madame Déroulède's hospitable roof. I have already trespassed too long on her kindness, and——"

"You have not been happy with us?" he said half reproachfully, half sadly; "you wish to leave us?"

"For God's sake, do not speak like that!" she said almost wildly; "you do not know, you do not understand, or else——"

"Yes, I understand, Juliette," he said with

Juliette paused one instant outside the door.

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the determination of the strong man, wishing at any cost to know what fate has in store for him; "I understand your sweet, innocent nature, I understand your beauty, which God gave you as a mirror to your angelic mind. How could I have lived all these days under the same roof with you without learning the sweet lesson which the angels from heaven have taught me, to love you, Juliette?"

It was useless now for her to attempt to withdraw her hand, for he had seized it in both his, and was covering it and the tiny wrist with kisses, aye, and with hot tears, tears of an emotion so deep, and so pathetic to witness in a strong man.

Juliette had tried to rise, to tear herself away. In an agony of mind, she tried to stop her ears, tried not to hear this man's voice telling her of his love, this man whom she had dogged, whose hospitality she had betrayed to serve her own vengeance. She tried to think of him only as the murderer of her brother, the guilty cause of her stricken father's early tragic death. She made every effort to conjure up the picture of the boy brought home on a stretcher to die, of the old man holding out a trembling hand towards her, and muttering feebly, "Juliette, live to avenge us both!" But oh! that picture would not stay before her throbbing eyes. Instead of it, she saw this man at her feet, telling her with a voice that forced its way in spite of all to her heart, "I love you, Juliette!"

And she—what had she done? She had forced her way into his house, at peril of her own life, had dogged his footsteps, watched his every movement, and, oh! the horror of it! finally denounced him to those who know no pity. And all in pursuit of the implacable vengeance, that had seemed a sacred duty until, a few moments ago, she first had heard those words and, womanlike, had begun to pity. And having pitied, hatred made way for its twin brother love, with whom it so often walks hand in hand. Ah! if she could but forget, could but undo what was irrevocably done, could but allow her hand to rest in his, her ears to listen to what he had to say! . . .

"Open, in the name of the Republic!"

Déroulède leapt to his feet as this ominous summons, the meaning of which he knew all too well, sounded outside his street door. A minute elapsed while the Auvergnat's timorous hands were heard to fumble with the chain and bolts. Juliette had also jumped, horror-stricken from her couch. Her eyes, dilated and haggard, were fixed with a look of terror on the door, which, in another moment, she knew would open before the members of the Committee of Public Safety, Marat and his fraternity, whom her own hand had summoned hither. Déroulède was now deathly pale. Like a wild animal at bay, he looked round at the walls of his study, up towards heaven, or down towards hell, to find some place to which to flee with his precious casket, that lay still there, in the valise close to his hand.

Already the sound of the heavy footsteps, the muttered curses and oaths, had filled the hall, and were now heard rapidly approaching the study door. One common terror for an instant now held these two enthralled. For a space of a minute their thoughts, their longings, and desires met over the safety of the precious casket. The next, Juliette had seized the valise and thrown it on the sofa. Then reseating herself, with the gesture of a queen and the grace of a Parisienne, she spread the ample folds of her skirts over the compromising bundle, and, as the door was thrown violently open, she said in calm, somewhat haughty tones:

"How strange it is, Citizen Déroulède, that in the year 1793 Frenchmen so easily forget what is due to women, and interrupt a *tête-à-tête* without so much as saying 'Gare!' Your pleasure, citizens?"

Marat, followed by some half dozen men, each wearing the red cap and cockade and tricolour sash, had entered the room, and the cunning eyes of the dreaded terrorist had wandered first ironically from one to the other of the two young people then suspiciously to the desk and other furniture round him.

"What is the meaning of this strange visit, Citizen Marat?" said Déroulède, who had tried to recover his calm and self-possession.

"Information has been laid against you, Citizen-Deputy," said Marat, "by an anonymous writer, that you have just now in your possession correspondence intended for the Widow Capet; and the Committee of Public Safety has entrusted me and these citizens to seize such correspondence and make you answerable for its presence in your house."

"Always, supposing such correspondence to exist," said Déroulède, sneeringly; "I should have thought my services to the republic had been too widely known to allow of a nameless enemy's denunciations to weigh against them."

"The Committee of Public Safety is bound to do its duty by the people whose representatives they are," said Marat, doggedly;

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"but you know best, Citizen Déroulède, whether you have anything to hide. If the accusation prove a calumny, so much the better for you; I presume," he added sneeringly, "that you do not propose to offer any resistance, whilst these citizens and I search your house."

Déroulède answered nothing, and quietly handed over a bunch of keys to one of the men, who, aided by the others, proceeded to unlock the desk and turn over every scrap of paper they came across.

Déroulède dared not turn towards Juliette; he felt that at this moment, her life, as well as his own, lay in a look, in a quiver of the eyelid. The terrorist's eyes were fixed unceasingly upon him, and he dared not attempt to read in Juliette's what was passing in her mind.

The girl sat on the sofa, the folds of her gown hiding that which would have sent her enemy to the scaffold.

The girl, though very pale, seemed to have complete mastery over her nerves, she still sat on the sofa, enthroned queenlike, the folds of her silken gown hiding that which would have sent her enemy to the scaffold, him whom she hated so bitterly, whose hand had slain her brother, driven her father to despair, but whose voice had so strangely moved her just now, when he said: "I love you, Juliette!"

The men after a fruitless search through the desk, had turned over every article of furniture that might have contained papers or correspondence, and were now preparing for their further search throughout the house.

"I shall have to ask you, Citizen Déroulède," said Marat, with mock urbanity, "to accompany us, while we execute our painful duty; I can assure you, that if we find nothing compromising against you, we will soon restore you to a *tête-à-tête* which the citizeness is so wrathful at seeing interrupted."

The request was practically a command, and Déroulède prepared to follow, vainly trying to force his brain to find a way out of the situation of deadly peril in which so many were now involved. Juliette's impulsive act had merely succeeded in involving her into the tangled meshes, without saving the conspirators or the unhappy Queen. Marat and his men would surely return. The comedy could not be kept up through another visit from them. Discovery was imminent. What was passing in that young girl's mind while Déroulède reluctantly followed the human bloodhounds out of the room?

* * * * *

She listened till the sound of their heavy footsteps died away down the passage, then she rose, and picked up the valise. Cautiously she opened the window, and peeped out. . . . Four more men were stationed outside in the street, guarding the exit. Escape, therefore, in that quarter was impossible. She hesitated for one brief instant, then she quietly slipped out of the door, down the semi-dark passage, up the carpetted stairs, still carrying the fateful valise in her hand.

CHAPTER IV.

HALF-AN-HOUR later the Republicans, having fruitlessly searched throughout the house.

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were busying themselves on the floor above, terrifying almost beyond their wits the two Auvergnat servants, an occupation that seemed to afford them considerable amusement, for loud laughter was heard from time to time from that quarter.

Déroulède had been allowed to remain with his mother, guarded by two of the men, who watched his every movements, and listened to every word he said. The old lady sat rigid in her upright chair. There was a curious look in her wide-open eyes, fixed, and staring straight in front of her. It was a look more of suspicion than anxiety, more of wrath than of terror. Her son held her wrinkled hand in his, and was trying with soft, endearing words to soothe and reassure her.

The soft sound of a rustling gown made them both start. It was Juliette, pale still — from the emotions, no doubt, of the last half-hour. Déroulède dared not ask her any questions. The men were there, close to him, ever watchful. He tried to read in her face, but it was almost sphynx-like in its impenetrability.

Madame Déroulède had not turned towards the young girl, she still sat quite rigid, idly toying with a scrap of paper she held in her wrinkled old hands.

"My son," she said suddenly, quite loudly, so that the men at the door might hear if they chose, "have you any idea as to who the dastardly, nameless accuser is, who has dared to frame the calummy that the Citizen-Deputy Déroulède is a traitor?"

The young man, wondering what his mother might possibly mean, did not answer, he had looked at Juliette and thought how pale she looked, and his heart ached to see that wild scared look in her eyes.

"Citizen Marat, from whom I vainly tried to obtain certainty on the subject," continued the old lady in the same hard and dry voice, "could not himself tell me, but he had in his hand this letter, the anonymous denunciation that reached the committee this evening, and he thought that perhaps I might know the handwriting, and——"

"Juliette, for God's sake, what is the matter," here interrupted Déroulède, unable to understand, not daring to trust to his senses, as Juliette with a wild cry had thrown himself between mother and son, and seizing the letter from the old lady's hand began tearing it into shreds with the nervous gestures of one half demented, while her trembling lips framed the half incoherent words:

"No! no!——you shall not read——not yet——Citizen Déroulède——not yet ——wait——a little while longer——wait—"

And her haggard face, her appealing look turned upwards towards Déroulède spoke with pitiable clearness of her guilt and of her treachery.

"Fool" laughed the old lady, shrugging her shoulders and looking contemptuously at the young girlish form so pathetic in its helpless confession of guilt, "look at her, my son as she stands self accused, the vilest thing on earth, a snake in the grass, whom we both have loved and nurtured; aye self-accused, for, fool that she is, that empty paper bore no witness against her, till her own conscience changed it into a damning proof of her guilt."

Déroulède had stood all this while as if paralysed. His mind seemed unable to grasp the hideous truth that would force itself into his aching brain, and instinctively he shut his eyes, that they, at least, might not see this fearful vision of the terrible downfall of one of God's purest angels.

Thus a few minutes sped rapidly by, Madame Déroulède had sunk back exhausted in her arm-chair, and nought was heard now save the low mocking comments made by the men, who had looked on without interfering at the curious scene which had been enacted before them.

It was almost a relief to Déroulède to hear Marat and his companions once more descending the stairs, and the terrorist's sarcastic laugh and coarse jests, when the men told him of the short drama they had just witnessed, seemed even more endurable than the sight of this girl whom he had so deeply loved, and who had waited all these days to repay him—thus.

"Citizen-Deputy," said Marat, "we are all glad to say that we have found nothing in your house that in any way can place your loyalty to the Republic in doubt. At the same time, it is my duty to ask you to follow me to-night, for there are several questions the Committee of Public Safety will desire to ask you to-morrow. They can but lead to your more complete justification."

Déroulède, as if in a dream, prepared to follow the men. What cared he what happened to him now, since the one idea of his life, his faith, his hope, his love, had been so completely shattered? Forgotten were his plans, his friends, the unhappy royal prisoner in the Conciergerie. All had vanished before this picture of the fallen angel at his feet. He kissed his mother, bidding her good-bye, not heeding the old lady's

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sorrowful agony and terror for her only son, and forcing himself not to look once more at the young face he had so dearly loved, he walked out of the room escorted by two of Marat's men.

His footsteps, and those of his escort, were heard echoing down the staircase. Then the hall door was heard to open and to shut with a loud bang. Madame Déroulède had at last given way to tears, and sat in her great arm-chair, weeping piteously. Marat's eyes were fixed with a mixture of sarcasm and contempt on Juliette, who had recovered her self-possession, and stood erect, calmly awaiting the final *dénouement* of the drama she had written with her own hand.

Two of the men, who on Déroulède's departure had withdrawn, after a whispered order from their chief, now returned. One of them carried the casket containing the fateful papers: these he placed on the table close to Juliette.

"You recognise this casket?" asked Marat, pointing to it, and speaking to the young girl, who nodded in reply.

"I suppose you know where it was found?"

"Yes," she answered quietly.

"Hidden underneath your mattress. What have you to say?"

"I will answer when I am on my trial," she said mechanically.

"You acknowledge, then, that they are yours?"

"Yes," she again asserted—this time defiantly.

"Then your denunciation of Citizen-Deputy Déroulède——?"

"Was a lie to screen myself."

She spoke quietly now, without hesitation.

Madame Déroulède gazed at the young girl, trying to understand the enigma that her feeble brain still refused to grasp.

Marat cared little for enigmas. He had not wasted his evening. Here was a most interesting capture, a delightful victim, such as he and his followers loved to see on the tumbrils; a head refined, sweet, aristocratic, such as they loved to see falling under the guillotine.

She was quite prepared to follow the men, prepared to leave this house, whose hospitality she had so cruelly betrayed, for that dark, crowded prison at the Conciergerie, from which there was but one exit—the one that led to the guillotine.

But before going she seemed to hesitate a moment, and looked appealingly at Madame Déroulède. The old lady made no sign, only sitting with her hands clasped, her face averted.

The girl turned to Marat.

"May I—may I speak one word to her? Only a last message. I understand quite well that it is the last time I shall see her."

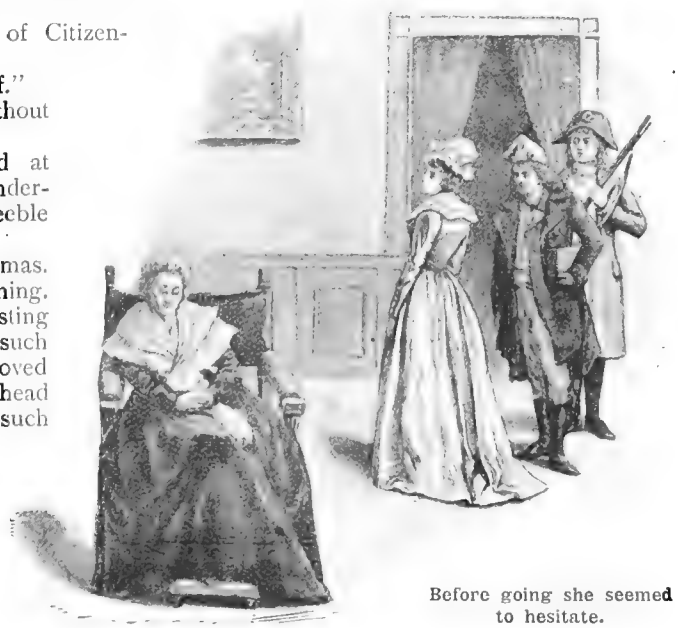
Marat paused, then he nodded assent.

She went up to Madame, and whispering so low that even Marat's inimical ears could not hear:

"Will you tell him—presently—when it is all over—in about two days—that when I sinned so deeply against him—I did not guess—what he told me to-night—did not know—did not realise. My name is Marny—and he killed my brother—he will remember. I thought only of vengeance—while he dreamt of love. But to-night for the first time I understood him—I learnt to know myself—and—tell him—Madame, that it was Juliette who saved him—by giving her life for his—but remember—only afterwards—promise."

And with a firm, quiet step she followed Marat and his men out of the room.

There was a rattle of the chains as the front door opened. Then it slammed and the house was left in silence.



Before going she seemed to hesitate.

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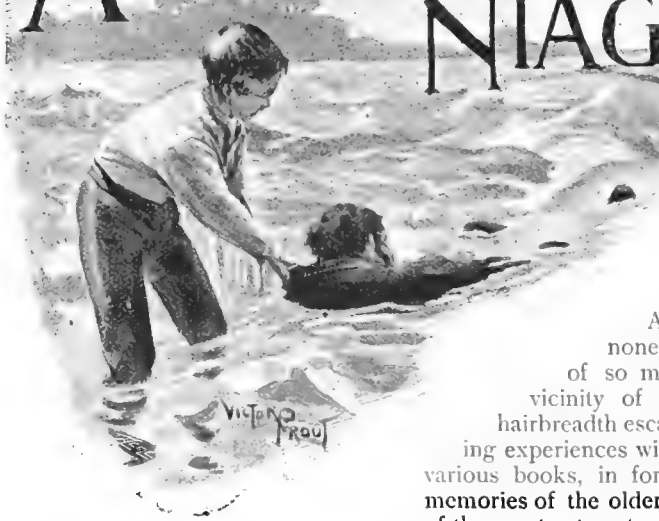
ADVENTURES AT NIAGARA FALLS



The gallant lad seized his father by the collar.

By F. A. Acland.

Probably no spot on the American continent, and perhaps none in the world, has been the scene of so many perilous adventures as the vicinity of Niagara Falls. Brave rescues, hairbreadth escapes, gloomy tragedies, and thrilling experiences without number are chronicled in various books, in forgotten newspapers, and in the memories of the older residents in the neighbourhood of the great cataract.

For a true story of heroism let that of the lady and the clergyman come first. One pleasant morning in September, 1892, the Rev. Dr. Ramsay, a delegate from his synod in the north of Ireland to the Pan-Presbyterian conference in Toronto, was crossing the bridge that spans Niagara below the falls, together with Mrs. Grimason, his Toronto hostess, and her two daughters. They were walking on the carriage way, which is four or five inches lower than the footway beside it. The distance to the roaring river below is one hundred and eighty feet.

At the edge of the footwalk runs the railing of the bridge, a stout iron fence with interstices apparently not large enough to let human beings through, except perhaps small children, who would not be allowed on the bridge alone.

The party were merrily chatting when they heard the wheels of a carriage behind them, and almost unconsciously moved out of its way by stepping up to the footwalk. As Mrs. Grimason did so her foot caught, she stumbled, and in the next moment was inexplicably and almost incredibly shot forward, head first, between the bars of the railing down towards the river below.

Her daughters shrieked as they saw her disappear with a scream. It seemed clear that she had fallen to death, but by a wonderful chance she struck against one of the girders which stand under the bridge, about thirty feet apart, and her body was curiously stopped on a bar connected with the girder.

Mrs. Grimason was brave and quick witted. She had not lost her presence of mind. On striking this bar she grasped it firmly with both hands, and getting her feet at the same moment in the point of the angle formed by the bar and the girder, she clung there for dear life, and in extreme peril.

She was an aged woman, of little strength, and seemingly quite beyond instant aid.

The Reverend Dr. Ramsay, dazed but for a moment by the astonishing fall of his hostess, went to work without wasting time in words. He saw that Mrs. Grimason should be held somehow in the place where she was clinging; further aid could come later. Telling the daughters to run for help, he himself climbed out over the railing of the bridge, and slid down the upright to the girder just in time to save the unfortunate lady from falling to her death.

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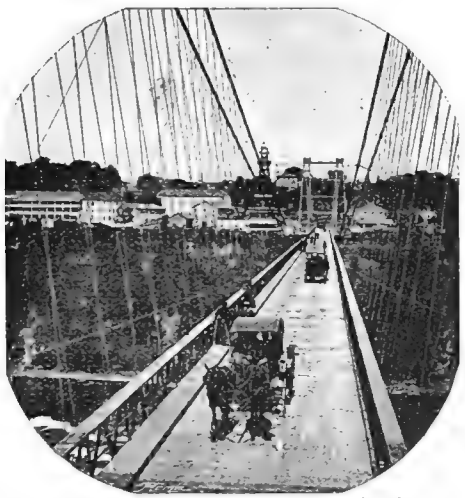

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The Bridge over which Mrs. Grimason fell.

Athletic and strong, the reverend doctor was able to hold on to the girder with one arm, while with the other he supported Mrs. Grimason, now almost lifeless from terror and exhaustion. He could not hope, however, long to endure so severe a strain, physical and nervous.

But, fortunately, the accident had been seen by many. A dozen men arrived with ropes in a few minutes, and these were lowered to Dr. Ramsay, who passed them deftly under the arms of the woman, and she was hauled safely back to the bridge. Then the pastor, with a trifle of aid, was drawn back again from his perilous position, none the worse for having performed a deed evincing extraordinary physical powers, and still more extraordinary courage.

Dr. Ramsay still preaches and teaches in Ireland. He made no fuss about what he had done, but the Royal Humane Society of Canada presented him with a gold medal in recognition of his brave act.

An incident of a very different sort of daring was that in which Captain Matthew Webb lost his life in an attempt to swim the whirlpool rapids.

Webb had made some reputation and a good deal of money by swimming across the English Channel a year or two earlier. At four o'clock on the afternoon of July 24, 1883, he entered a boat manned by one John McCloy, a ferryman, and there stripped himself of everything save a pair of red breeches.

He plunged into the river at the place where the little steamer "The Maid of the Mist" lands, and held his own with ease till he was well past the Suspension Bridge, and could be seen swimming strongly in the middle of the tremendous rapid of the narrows there.

The excitement on shore became intense as he neared the whirlpool, and many thought that, having succeeded in doing so much, he might live through the adventure. As he neared the brink of the monstrous rapids, he waved his hand, some of the spectators thought. If he did so, it was his last conscious motion. Another instant, and he was in the whirlpool. For a moment his head rose above the surface, and then he was seen no more till they found his lifeless body.

The inquest showed that Webb had not been drowned, nor killed by being dashed against the rocks, but crushed by the force of the contact of waves with his body—the rollers of the whirlpool had pounded him to death in an instant.

A notable character produced by the dangers and the peculiar navigation of the Niagara River was Joel R. Robinson, who piloted the first "Maid of the Mist" through the rapids in 1861.

For many years before that time Robinson had been widely known by his many rescues of human life at the Falls. The first of these seems to have been in 1838.

A mechanic named Chapin, who had been employed making some repairs to the bridge from the American side to Goat Island, the lower end of which splits the Falls in two, fell from the bridge into the rapids, and was carried swiftly towards the Falls.

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Where Captain Webb was Drowned.

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Fortunately, he could swim, and succeeded in reaching one of the small islands in the American channel, which seemed quite inaccessible to the spectators on the mainland. Robinson, however, with his little red skiff, succeeded in the apparently desperate attempt to reach the island, and brought Chapin safely back to shore.

Three years later Robinson rescued a man named Allen from a somewhat similar, but more inaccessible situation above the Falls by means of ropes, which were let down to him from neighbouring islands, after he had been on the rock for two days and nights.

Joel Robinson's famous trip in the "Maid of the Mist" steamer was undertaken partly from the wildest spirit of adventure, and partly because it was in the line of duty.

The boat had been built in the gorge just below the Falls, where she plied for a time. Proving unprofitable, her owner sold her on the condition that she should be delivered at Niagara town, near the mouth of the river, a point she could not reach without navigating the whirlpool, a thing never yet attempted. Robinson, however, had for years believed the trip could be safely made.

The Maid was seventy-two feet long, seventeen feet in the beam and eight feet in the hold, with an engine of one hundred horse-power.

A man named Jones volunteered for the trip as engineer and fireman, and a second man named McIntyre agreed to go and give what help he could. So, at about three o'clock on the afternoon of June 15th, 1861, the little steamer started from her dock some two hundred yards above the whirlpool rapids.

When she passed into the rapids Robinson found he had mistaken the split of the current, and he was forced to the outer instead of keeping to the inner or shorter side as he had wished. When a third of the way down the rapid the boat was beaten so furiously by the water that her smoke stack was carried away by the force of the blow, and she heeled over frightfully. Robinson was thrown flat on his back, McIntyre was jammed against the wheelhouse with such force as to break it through, and down in the hold poor Jones, the engineer, fell on his knees and prayed earnestly.

Robinson never lost his presence of mind. He was on his feet instantly and at the wheel. McIntyre was bewildered or stunned by his fall and did not rise. Robinson, with both hands on the wheel, succeeded in putting his foot on McIntyre's breast, and thus kept him from rolling down the slanting deck.

The boat in the next moment slid over into the whirlpool, and was for a moment on an even keel. With his foot still on the prostrate McIntyre, Robinson steered to the right of the large "pot" in the pool, then turned and passed directly through the neck of it and into the smoother though turbulent water beyond. There they swept quietly on to their destination.

The strain of that adventure was ever afterwards visible on Robinson's face. He was said to have aged twenty years during the trip; he abandoned the water thereafter, and advised his sons to keep away from the rapids.

On the afternoon of June 1st, 1872, a painter named William McCullough, a man of sixty-five years, while painting the bridge above the Falls, between the first and second Sister Islands, fell into the rapids, which here are at their worst. Instantly he was swept furiously towards the cataract, then whirled into lesser waves so that he struck against and seized a rock not far above the brink.

Hundreds quickly gathered on the shore and watched, all eager to help, but few knowing what to do. Among them was Thomas Conroy, who secured a coil of rope, fastened one end to a tree on shore, and, with the other end in his hand, waded out as far as he could, and occasionally swam, the water being from eighteen inches to six feet deep.

He aimed far up stream to allow for the power of the current, and at last with great difficulty reached the unfortunate painter and bound him to himself with the rope. They were swept off their feet several times on the way back to the shore, but the rope had been firmly fastened, and they finally landed safely. When they reached shore it was found that McCullough still clutched his putty knife firmly in his hand, having held it during the three hours he had been on the brink of the Falls.

The foolhardiness of boy nature used often to be shown thirty years ago by the lads of Drummondville, the Canadian village on the high land a mile or so back from the river, who went out swimming at a place not a quarter of a mile above the Falls, were carried far down by a furious current, and escaped only by skilfully getting into the foot of an eddy which swept them up-river to nearly opposite where they had started.

But one boy, at least, did a truly heroic thing near the Falls—and a boy of only twelve years old at that—on July 13, 1850. He and his father lived on Grand Island, four or four miles above the Falls. The

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father was drunk, and the boy was rowing him across from the mainland. The wind was strong down stream, and, in spite of the efforts of the lad, the boat at last got into the current and then into the rapids, and was borne swiftly down towards the Falls.

The brave boy struggled to steer the boat to the head of Goat Island, and so nearly succeeded that a wave at last sent it in between the Sister Islands. The next wave upset the boat, but in shallow water.

Then, being beside a rock, the gallant lad seized his father by the collar and hauled him to it, whence they were rescued soon afterwards by a crowd of people. Such had been the exertion of the indomitable boy that he fainted as soon as he had reached a place of safety.

One of the oddest recorded incidents in the history of the Falls is probably the adventure of a man named Fisher, shortly after the war of 1812. He was on the river three miles above the Falls, when he saw a bear swimming towards Navy Island, and pursued it with no weapon but a fish spear. The bear turned cleverly, parried the thrust, knocked the spear out of Fisher's hand, then deliberately climbed over the side of the boat, quite unheeding the blows showered upon him by Fisher's oar, and seated himself in the bow.

As the boat was rapidly drifting towards the roaring Falls, Fisher thought he would paddle to shore, and leave the boat to the bear, but the instant he reached for the paddle the beast growled and threatened to spring upon him.

Fisher could not swim, the bear would not let him paddle, and he gave one loud despairing shout—no more, because the bear again threatened to attack him. Luckily the shout was heard, or his danger had been otherwise perceived, for a settler came out, and put a load of buckshot into Bruin, whereupon he took to the water. Then Fisher turned in shore and landed, not a moment too soon to escape being carried over the Falls.

I have previously mentioned Thomas Conroy, the life saver, whose adventure of St. Valentine's Day, 1883, is well worth recording here. He and two other men, named William Walker and Thomas Hines, being out hunting in the rapids above the Falls, had rowed out to a sandbar, about one hundred and fifty yards from the shore, and sheeted with ice. They landed on it, taking their guns with them, and leaving their boat, as they believed, securely fastened at the edge. After a few minutes, on looking around they saw the boat drifting down the river.

Her smoke stack was carried away.

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Conroy more experienced in Niagara navigation than his companions, saw that they must be in a desperate situation if they lost the boat, as they might all perish from hunger and exposure before they could attract attention. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, he dived, in order to clear the ice floating in the rushing surface currents, and swam along under the water until he thought he was near the boat. Then he rose to the surface, broke his way through the small ice that covered the water, reached the boat, got into it by tremendous exertions, and succeeded in getting it back to his anxious companions, and saving them and himself from further trouble.

Considering the time of year, the swiftness and coldness of the Niagara water, and the instant decision and physical endurance displayed by Conroy, I regard this deed as not less remarkable than Doctor Nansen's great swim from the Arctic ice to his drifting "kayak."

Wire walking exploits form a considerable feature in the history of adventures at Niagara Falls. They began with the feat of Blondin, the famous French rope-walker, who threw a cable across the chasm in the summer of 1859, and made his first trip across on June 30th of that year. He had been refused permission to stretch the wire from Goat Island to the Canadian side—the newspapers denouncing him as a fool and a fraud—and was compelled to run it to a private pleasure ground on the Canadian side, the work, moreover, having to be done during the night to avoid interference from the cautious residents.

Not many people witnessed Blondin's first crossing, the impression having been general that the man was insane or would fail at the last moment. When he had accomplished the feat, the utmost amazement was expressed which, however, was again turned to incredulity when he announced that he would cross the wire again, and this time with a man on his back—Barry Colcourt, Blondin's business manager—a man weighing one hundred and fifty-five pounds. The feat was successfully accomplished on the afternoon of August 17, 1859, amid roars of applause from the multitude that looked on.

On August 24, in the same year, Blondin crossed on the rope chained hand and foot, and on his return carried with him a cooking stove, on which he made an omelette.

In the summer of the following year he had the cable moved to a point below the Suspension Bridge, and immediately over the whirlpool rapids, where he gave several further exhibitions, one being on August 2nd, 1860, when the Prince of Wales and the Governor-General of Canada looked on. Before Blondin started, the Prince, having looked at the wire and the rapids, became nervous, went to Blondin and begged him not to make the attempt. But the rope-walker smiled, said it was not so dangerous as it looked, and soon went across with Colcourt on his back.

The beast growled and threatened to spring upon him.

There have been many imitators of Blondin. In 1873 an Italian named Bellini stretched a wire from opposite the Ferry landing to Prospect Park, and three times he jumped from the middle of the cable into the river and swam to shore.

Steve Peer, a celebrated American wire walker, repeated Blondin's feat on June 22, 1887, in connection with the Queen's Jubilee celebration on the Canadian side. He crossed in nineteen minutes. A few nights afterwards Peer, while intoxicated, determined, so it is sup-

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Dixon crossing on a wire.

posed, to repeat the performance, and, unknown to anyone, went out and climbed on the wire, with the result the next morning he was found lying dead on the rocks below.

An exhibition of wire walking that attracted considerable attention at the time was that of S. J. Dixon, a Toronto photographer, who used the same cable that had been used by Peer. This amateur rope-walker, thirty-eight years of age, had practised almost daily for some weeks on a wire stretched sixty feet above the water of Toronto Bay before he essayed the tremendous adventure which made Blondin so famous. This he undertook dressed in tights and moccasins, and carrying a pole twenty-two-and-a-half feet long, weighing thirty pounds.

He showed no uneasiness or nervousness, though the slight unsteadiness of the long cable caused him to pause frequently to regain the balance that he momentarily lost.

When he reached the centre of the gorge, this amateur lay down on his back on the wire, with his balancing pole under him. Two hundred and fifty feet below ran the furious rapids, ready to devour him should he make a misstep.

He did a number of other daring feats as he neared the other end of the wire, and finally touched soil on the American side thirteen minutes after he started. A few minutes later he reappeared with a hoop around his ankles, and in this way walked on the wire about two hundred yards.

I have dwelt on this instance with some particularity because it serves to show that not practice nor mere acquired skill, but an abnormal indifference to the very common "falling fear," enables rope-walkers to perform their most amazing feats.

During October, 1869, a family by the name of Martin, four women and a man, engaged a hackman named Robert Welsh to drive them down the Ferry road on the Canadian side, a little north of the Horse-shoe Falls. On the way down the pole strap broke and the horses ran away. After dragging the carriage a few yards they tumbled over the embankment to the pathway below, some forty feet down.

The carriage fell upside down with all the party still in it, and under it, save one, a woman, who fell out of the carriage and within range of the feet of one of the horses, which lay on their backs, kicking and struggling. She was killed by the blows, but all who had kept in the vehicle when falling escaped with a bad shaking up.

One of the methods employed by the City of Niagara Falls, N.Y., in disposing of its sewage is by dumping it down a chute into the river. One of these chutes is located near the upper Suspension Bridge. In the spring of 1896, a man named William Shelley backed his load up to the dump, but went a step too far, and horse, load, and cart went shooting down three hundred feet.

Shelley then descended by another route, and was amazed to find the horse still alive. It was, however, too badly shaken to walk back, so a shanty was built which served as a temporary hospital until the animal had recovered sufficiently to be taken back to the top of the cliff and put at work again.

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His return journey with a hoop round his feet.

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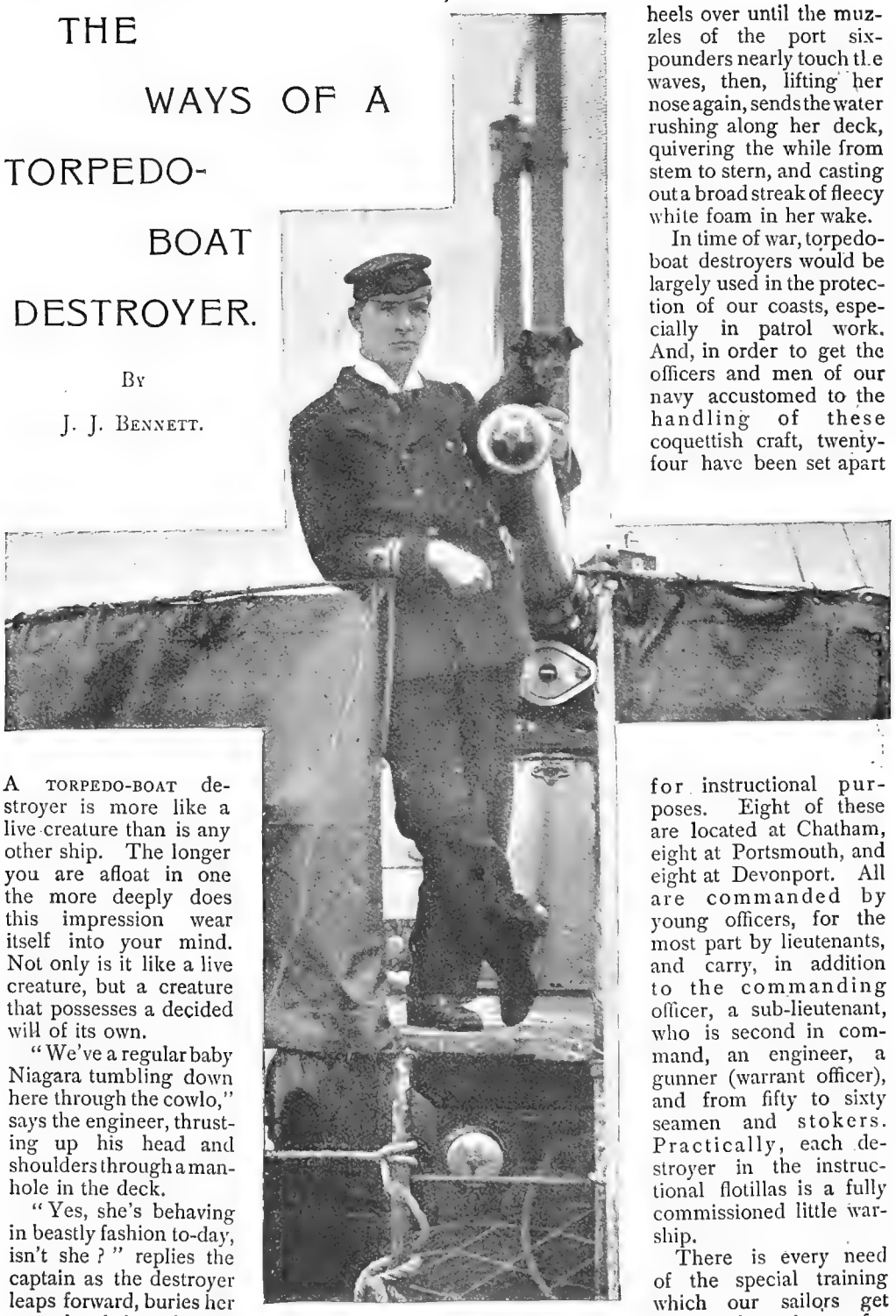
THE WAYS OF A TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER.

By

J. J. Bennett.



The Skippers of the "Starfish."

A TORPEDO-BOAT destroyer is more like a live creature than is any other ship. The longer you are afloat in one the more deeply does this impression wear itself into your mind. Not only is it like a live creature, but a creature that possesses a decided will of its own.

"We've a regular baby Niagara tumbling down here through the cowlo," says the engineer, thrusting up his head and shoulders through a manhole in the deck.

"Yes, she's behaving in beastly fashion to-day, isn't she?" replies the captain as the destroyer leaps forward, buries her nose deeply into the sea, heels over until the muzzles of the port six-pounders nearly touch the waves, then, lifting her nose again, sends the water rushing along her deck, quivering the while from stem to stern, and casting out a broad streak of fleecy white foam in her wake.

In time of war, torpedo-boat destroyers would be largely used in the protection of our coasts, especially in patrol work. And, in order to get the officers and men of our navy accustomed to the handling of these coquettish craft, twenty-four have been set apart for instructional purposes. Eight of these are located at Chatham, eight at Portsmouth, and eight at Devonport. All are commanded by young officers, for the most part by lieutenants, and carry, in addition to the commanding officer, a sub-lieutenant, who is second in command, an engineer, a gunner (warrant officer), and from fifty to sixty seamen and stokers. Practically, each destroyer in the instructional flotillas is a fully commissioned little warship.

There is every need of the special training which our sailors get aboard these boats, for

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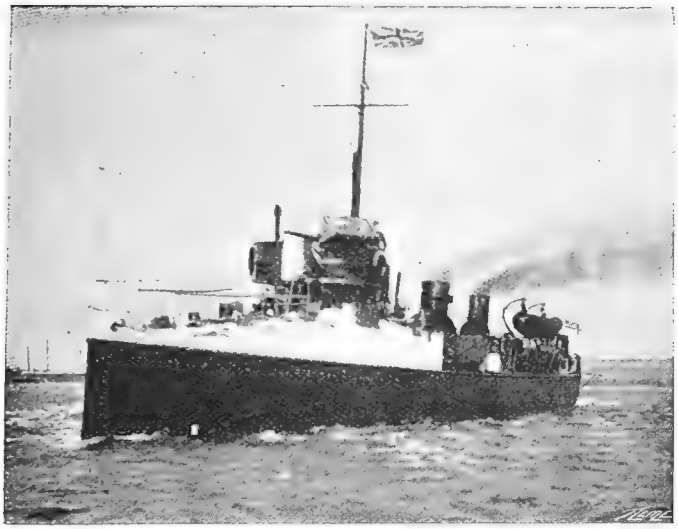

H.M. Torpedo-boat Destroyer "Starfish."

the crew of a destroyer has, at the very least, always a nodding acquaintance with Davy Jones's locker. One of these egg-shells filled with machinery is placed in charge of a lieutenant barely out of his teens, and the experience he undergoes in her either gives him nerves of steel-wire and the confidence of a greybeard, or else shatters him altogether.

He has to take safely through all sorts of tight places a craft endowed with the mobility of a bicycle and the speed of a railway train. The slightest mishap upsets her. One minute an obstacle is sighted ahead, the next crash goes the destroyer into it, unless the right thing is done just at the right second. A large portion of the instructional destroyer's work is done in the night, when there are either the blinding glares of searchlights to contend against, or else long runs in the open sea to be undertaken, with the imminent risk of running down some trading vessel or fishing boat if the intense strain under which the captain works is for a moment relaxed.

In the responsibility of bringing the boat safely through the other officers, of course, take their share. The sub-lieutenant, who on a big ship is of little account except as a learner, is here entrusted with important duties, and, a boy in years, he is a man in everything else — and he plays the man's part with great proficiency.

Down in the engine-room, where the thermometer registers 140 degrees or more, and the bursting of a steam pipe may mean the scalding to death of himself and his assistants, works the engineer. Close on either side of him, so close that he can scarcely turn his head, run the propelling engines, whirring up and down so rapidly that the eye gets dazed in trying to follow their motions. Yet he has to carefully watch every part, and be ready to deal promptly with anything that may go wrong.

Just behind him the steering engine hisses and clacks as the wheel is put about. Yet amid all this din and confusing dance of machinery the engineer has to see that orders from the bridge are immediately carried out —almost anticipated; and also that the grimy, perspiring workers in the stokehold on the other side of the bulkhead do their duty.

It frequently happens that the vibration of the engines shakes open the seams of the hull, and then, in addition to his other worries, the captain has to handle a craft that is

Loading a Torpedo Tube.

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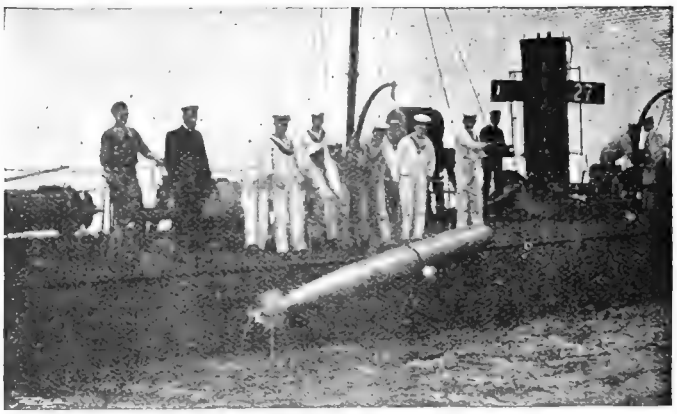
leaking like a sieve, and the crew go about their duties with the discomforting knowledge that their chances of going to the bottom have increased.

By the courtesy of Lieut.-Commander Brownrigg, a representative of the ROYAL MAGAZINE has just made a trip in H.M.S. *Starfish*, one of the destroyers attached to the Portsmouth Instructional Flotilla. Occasionally these meet with some rough experiences.



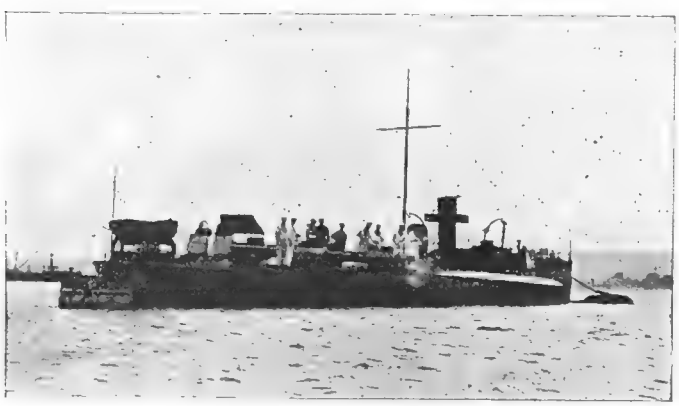
Hoisting in a Torpedo.

Not long since, when the *Starfish* was ploughing her way through a storm to Brighton, a huge wave crashed down upon her, smashing in her bridge and nearly washing Lieut.-Commander Brownrigg overboard.

Twice monthly the destroyers have a combined all-night run, and carry out manœuvres. This is for the purpose of getting the officers and crew accustomed to handling these boats at night, when the greater part of their work would have to be done in time of war.

It is very interesting to watch the crew of a destroyer at practice. They have to learn many things, and all must be done smartly. The operations described in this article were carried out in the Solent, which at all times wears a more warlike look than any other stretch of water in the world. Big guns were booming from the forts, and destroyers were flitting about in all directions like a swarm of angry wasps disturbed in their nest. "Are all the men mustered?" asked the captain. "All here, sir," replied the gunner. "Then clear for action," came the order. In a moment the deck of the *Starfish* was alive with men pulling down cowls and clearing everything away that could impede the sweep of the guns which were at the same time being swung outward and got ready for use. "All ready, sir," was reported in far less time than the description of the scene has been written. Another quietly-given order from the captain, and the quick-firers began spitting out shells that splashed up the water at the base of a small target several hundred yards away. It was like revolver practice in the rapidity of the shooting, but not in the noise, for the quick-firer has an ear-splitting crack that rings in the tympanum for hours afterwards.

Getting out Berthon boats came next. Each destroyer carries two of these, which are made of canvas and close up after the fashion of a circular Chinese lantern. They are stowed forward and are lifted over the side by means of a derrick. "Out boats," called the captain, and a crowd of men pounced upon a Berthon and tore off the canvas coverings. A guy was attached, and the boat swung over the side, opening out as it was lowered. Two men went down in it, and these had the boat made all taut and ready for use by the time it touched the water — it had only a few feet to descend. In tumbled a number of bluejackets, and in less than a minute the boat was ready for pulling away from the ship.



Firing a Torpedo.

The *Starfish* is reputed

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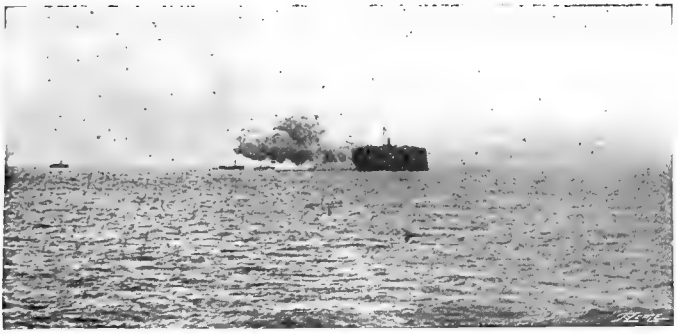

A Heavy Gun from one of the Spithead Forts.

one of the smartest of the instructional destroyers at the evolution. Seventy seconds sufficed to get both boats into the water and manned. They came out again even more quickly, being closed as they were lifted, so that when they were dropped on the deck they were ready for covering up again. The crew of a destroyer not only has to learn how to tackle an enemy smartly, but also how to get quickly away from their own ship should she be disabled. In this they are practised, and when the order to abandon ship is given every man on board has to make for the boats as quickly as he can. It took just three minutes to get all the *Starfish's* boats out, provisioned, and filled with men.

As soon as the order was given the Berthon boats were swung out, the whaler dropped from the davits, and the dinghey was thrown over the side. From the engine room, from the stoke-hold, and up from the bowels of the ship in every direction sprang men just as they had left their work. Some ran with biscuit, others brought water, and others compasses, for each boat has to be properly provisioned for a possible spell at sea. Each man tumbled into the boat to which he was allotted, an officer took the tiller, and away they pulled, leaving the *Starfish*, in theory, a sinking derelict.

Destroyers discharge their torpedoes from a deck tube. The weapon is first laid in a shoot and then passed into the tube, from which it is expelled by compressed air.

A Steam Pinnace with a Spar Torpedo.

After the tube has been trained into the direction in which the torpedo is to be fired, the gunner gets astride it, takes a sight, pulls back a lever, and out jumps the torpedo, which dives head foremost into the water and speeds off towards the target.

The crew watch its progress with some anxiety, for torpedoes have an unpleasant propensity for going to the bottom instead of floating at the surface when their motive power is exhausted. In the weapon is a balance chamber which can be set so that the torpedo will either sink or swim at the end of its journey. Of course, for practice purposes it is always set to float; but torpedoes have an irritating knack of ignoring the existence of

The Starboard Quick-firer.

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this mechanism and going to the bottom for a rest. Then they have to be dredged up again, if the crew can find them. If not, there is a court of inquiry and other unpleasant proceedings to face, for the Admiralty will not lose a £300 article without knowing the why and the wherefore of it all.

The *Starfish* got her torpedo off successfully. It leaped from the tube, dived into the sea, and struck out for the buoy at which it was aimed with all the zest of a strong swimmer taking his morning dip. Presently the blue flame of a Holmes light was seen bobbing about on the surface of the water close by the buoy. "Ah, there it is," ran round the ship in a tone of relief, and a boat was despatched to tow back the weapon.

Firing a Spar Torpedo.

Practice in firing torpedoes is part of the routine in an instructional destroyer. The torpedoes used are the same that would be made use of in actual warfare, with the important exception that a dummy head is affixed to them in place of the destructive charge of guncotton they would carry in their mouth when directed against an enemy.

But even when thus muzzled the torpedo is a mischievous brute that would plunge straight through the side of any ordinary ship it came in contact with. In order that it may be easily seen when it begins to float, a calcium light is attached to its nose, and this begins to flare up as soon as the weapon stops, and it stinks most abominably.

Work was now over for the day. Dinners were piped, and the *Starfish* began her run homeward. On the way back we had such an opportunity as seldom occurs of seeing the magnificent smoke effects produced by the firing of the heavy guns on the Spithead forts. After every discharge, a dense volume of thick, yellow smoke enveloped the fort, rising slowly and in graceful wreaths to a great height in the air. The only picture showing one of these smoke clouds that has probably ever been taken from so advantageous a position forms one of the illustrations to this article. In fact, all the pictures are unique, they being the only ones ever taken on an instructional destroyer during the time she was at sea.

In addition to the torpedo proper, what is known as the outrigger torpedo is used in our navy. This is carried on the end of a pole which projects over the bow of a boat, and its use is attended with considerable risk to the men working it, for they have to push the torpedo under the bottom of the ship or whatever they wish to destroy, fire it, and get away if they can—a feat which in these days of quick-firing guns is not a very easy one.

Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

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A LITTLE GREEN GOWN.

By L. G. Moberly.

HIS STORY.

She wore a little green gown, and she came down the steep mountain-path, singing, with a fresh young voice that made one feel that she was part of the Spring and freshness about her.

I wondered who she was, and what she was, when first I heard the gay little voice trilling away far above me. I had strolled out from the hotel whilst my breakfast was preparing, and took a seductive looking path leading up between bright green slopes to great dim pine woods beyond.

The May sunshine fell full upon the slopes, where cowslips and gentian, forget-me-nots and soldanellas wagged their heads in the soft little breeze that came rustling and creeping out of the pines. There had been stillness in the pine woods above me, except for the tinkling of the cow-bells, until I heard that fresh voice echoing among the rocks, and a minute later there came out of the wood and down the path towards me a girl in a little green gown, the sunlight flashing upon the bronze of her hair and the young sweetness of her face.

She swung her hat idly in one hand, care for her complexion was evidently something out of her ken! In her other hand she had a great bunch of mountain flowers, and she sang gaily as she came, until she caught sight of me. And then she stopped, and the colour flamed out over her face.

"Please don't stop," I said, "it was delicious to hear the song coming down off the heights. I came out early myself to enjoy all the loveliness."

"Isn't it lovely?" she exclaimed eagerly, all her shyness forgotten, "and are you at our hotel? Oh, of course, you must be, because there isn't another," and she laughed a clear girlish laugh that did my heart good to hear.

"I only arrived last night," I answered, "but it seems delightful here. I shall be in no hurry to move on."

"Oh, I'm sure you won't want to go, at least, if you like the sort of things I like," she said naively, "I mean, if you like mountains, and all the stillness, and the flowers, and oh! the walks here are just the loveliest I have ever seen. But if you like lots of people, and dances in the hotel, and concerts and things, then you won't like it. Mama doesn't, and the others don't."

"I hate all that sort of thing," I said impetuously; and it was perfectly true. I had just escaped from five years of India, called home by a lucky accession to property, and I was sick—sick to death of society, and society ways, and, above all, of society young ladies.

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"I think," I ended, "that I am more likely to like what you like."

We were walking down the slopes meanwhile, and the little white hotel with its green shutters, was close at hand.

"Well, I am glad," she said. "Do you know I don't generally like a man at all; he never seems to like nice, sensible sort of things; perhaps that's because I am only a sort of tomboy myself—that's what Mama and the others say. But I do believe you are going to be different from other men," and she looked at me with the clear scrutinising eyes of a child. "What is your name, though?" she said.

"What is your name, though!" she said.

A sudden feeling of thankfulness shot through me, that I had sent my man on to England, and that I had given my simple surname to the proprietor of the hotel the night before. It would be rather interesting to stand for a little while just on my own merits, as a man and, I trust, a gentleman, with none of the accessories, which though pleasant in themselves, are apt to give one a lot of bother in more ways than one. I still had a resentful recollection of the way in which I had been pursued in India, by every dowager with a marriageable daughter, till I had grown to look upon every young woman with jaundiced eyes. And I knew well enough that it was for no merits of my own that I had been fêted and courted, but simply for those prospects of mine—which now were more than prospects. I was determined that no one here should know anything about them. If any one liked me it should be for myself alone. It was a positive delight, too, to come across a girl like this one, who frankly avowed that she thought a man an uninteresting person!

"My name is Vernon," I said, "Noel Vernon. Are you here for long, Miss—? You see I don't know your name either."

"My name is King—Barbara King, and we are here, I am afraid, for only a short time, because you see my stepmother and her daughters don't much like this place. But oh, I shall be sorry to go," and she drew a long breath of pleasure, as she lifted her face to the clear morning sunlight, and the great brooding mountains.

At the door of the hotel, she turned to me again with that bright smile. "I expect I shall see you soon again," she said, "one soon knows everybody in a place like this"—and with that and a wave of her hand she disappeared.

At breakfast I scanned everyone, to see what her belongings were like, and they did not prepossess me favourably. They were so horribly like the ladies I had left behind me in India—it was a type I had learnt to detest. An elderly and much-dressed lady, who looked at me through the most fashionable make of pince-nez, and two daughters, also dressed in a manner befitting the park rather than these mountain solitudes. My little friend of the morning crept in a little

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late, and I was sure that she got a scolding, for I noticed that flaming colour sweep over her face again, at some words from the elderly lady.

Mrs. King swept up to me later, and began to make a few of those remarks, and ask some of those searching and impertinent questions, to which one is subjected by one's fellow-countrymen in a strange land. And if it had not been for the thought of that dear, fresh, little girl in her green gown, I do not think I should have received the good lady's patronising overtures in a very friendly spirit.

I took an instinctive dislike to her and to her two daughters. I always dislike London smartness transferred to mountain solitudes; but I was frankly amused by the evident indecision of the three ladies as to whether to treat me with extreme civility—as a man—or with necessary hauteur as an unknown, and possibly a most ineligible person!

I am afraid I was only civil to them because little Barbara, whom they evidently despised and snubbed, was a delight to me.

Her frank camaraderie, her bright girlish happiness, her naive pleasure in the loveliness round her, were most refreshing after my experience of two species of womenkind—the ones who wanted to flirt and the ones who posed as new women.

Little Barbara was different, she never treated me as other than a good friend and comrade, her fresh nature was as free and unsophisticated as the very best sort of boy's. In fact there was something about her that constantly reminded me of a boy. And yet there could not have been a more womanly girl. But there was no nonsense about her; she was so frank and straightforward, so free from caprice, so full of pretty womanish ways.

We had many walks together, and her naturalness and sweetness appealed to me more every day.

"Where do you live?" I asked her one day, "and what do you do when you are at home?"

"We live at Sarslake." I started at the sound of the familiar name. "When father married Mrs. Lake, she wanted to settle there—she said the society would be pleasant for her daughters, because of the Castle. Grace and Edith aren't my sisters, you know. Father married a widow with two daughters," and Barbara sighed a little. "And what do I do? Oh, *lots*. I still do a lot of lessons in the morning with a governess from the village; and then I read ever so much; and I know all the poor people, everyone of them, and I go and see some of them every day; and there's a corner of the park where I always take my books and sit—and oh, it is lovely there. But now, of course, it will be different."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because the old Earl is dead, and he hardly ever used to be at the Castle, and no one minded my going to that tiny bit of the Park. But now the new Earl will most likely shut it all up, and it *will* be a pity."

"Perhaps he won't," I ventured. "I—I—its just possible I may be at Sarslake in the summer, and I'll put in a word for your special corner——"

"Oh," she gasped, "would you? Could you? Do you know Lord Sarslake?"

"A little," and I smiled into her flushed, eager face. "I will do my best for you anyway."

And then I sat silent, watching the sun flash on her head; and I fell to wondering how diamonds looked upon curling bronze hair, and whether even white satin would ever become that slim young figure as well as did her own green gown.

That evening I accidentally overheard a scrap of conversation which amused me immensely. The door of Mrs. King's room, which was opposite mine, was wide open, and I heard her rather strident voice saying:

"Barbara is so like her poor father. She has just his hopeless way of picking up the most utter nobodies, and making friends with them. Her father was exactly the same. From mongrels to men, he always contrived to pick up nobodies. Look at Barbara now, and this Mr. Vernon——"

I hastily closed my door, but as I did so I laughed softly. So poor, silly little Barbara had picked up a nobody, had she?

And that night I saw again a vision of diamonds and bronze hair.

HER STORY.

It was very nice to be at home again, although we had had a lovely time in Switzerland. But after Mr. Vernon went away it was rather dull. I missed his kind brown face, and everything all felt different. I don't know why. The sun didn't seem to shine so brightly, and the flowers weren't half so lovely. I wondered if he missed me as much as I missed him. He called me his little chum, and told me he thought we should meet again before very long.

That cheered me up. It was one day when I was telling him about the Castle at home,

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and he said perhaps he should come there some day. And I said:

"Do you know Lord Sarslake?" And he answered, in a funny sort of hesitating way,

"Yes—I know him—he—I am rather a great friend of his."

It seemed so funny that I should have made friends with somebody right away in Switzerland who was a friend of our nearest neighbour.

The worst of it was that when we got home Mama and Edith and Grace could talk of nothing but Lord Sarslake, and I did get so dreadfully tired of his name. Besides, the way they talked made me feel, oh, so hot and ashamed. They only seemed to have one idea about him, and that was that as he was unmarried he might surely marry either Edith or Grace. I am sure I didn't see why he should. He must have known such heaps and heaps of people.

One day when they were all talking in this sort of way that I hate, I simply couldn't bear it any more. I just went straight out of the room and out of the house, and ran as fast as ever I could to my own dear place—the one I had told kind Mr. Vernon about.

It is a tiny dell in the park, nothing but a clearing amongst the trees, and just then it was covered with bluebells. They made a blue carpet under the great spreading beeches, and the sun danced upon them through the green of the leaves. I never stopped running until I got to my dear dell, and then I flung myself down, and hid my face in my hands on a bed of soft ferny moss.

"I wish, oh, I wish dear father was still here," I said. "They never talked like that when he was alive."

Then I tried to put away the thought of them, and of all disagreeable things, and I began thinking instead about Mr. Vernon and his nice brown face and kind eyes, and I felt ever so glad I had him for a friend, and I wished, very hard indeed, that I could see him again.

And then—wasn't it funny?—all at once I heard a rustling among the bushes, and in another minute there was the very person I was thinking about.

"Oh!" I said, and I jumped up and gave him both my hands, and I do believe I never felt so happy in all my life! And he looked really glad to see me, and smiled right down into my eyes, till I felt such a queer little feeling in my heart like nothing I had ever felt before, and my face got hotter and hotter, and I dreadfully wanted to put it in that green bank of moss again.

I didn't know why I felt like that. But Mr. Vernon held my hands tighter, and said, quite softly:

"So you are glad to see me again?"

"Ever so glad," I told him. "But how did you come? And are you staying at the Castle? And is that horrid Earl there?—Oh! I beg your pardon," I exclaimed, when I saw his eyes twinkle, and remembered he was a friend of Lord Sarslake!

"Never mind," he said, and laughed. "Why is the poor man so horrid? Have you ever seen him?"

"No, oh no! and I'm sure I don't want to," I added vindictively, remembering my dislike to his very name, and all my old grievance about the possible deprivation of my beloved dell.

"He isn't such a bad fellow after all," Mr. Vernon said. "And, do you know, he—I—well, I mean to say about this dell, he won't turn you out of it. It's all right about that. It will be like your private property."

"*What!*" I cried. "Do you mean to say he really won't mind my coming here just as usual? How perfectly sweet of you to ask him for me—because, of course, you did. And really I *do* like him for letting me come here. You can't think what a difference it makes having this dear dell. I won't call him horrid again. There!"

Mr. Vernon laughed, and then he sat down beside me, and we talked about Switzerland and about lots of other things until I had to go.

Then he said suddenly:

"Do you know there is going to be a great garden party at the Castle for all the neighbourhood?"

Did I *not* know? My family had talked of nothing else for a week, and of their chances of being asked.

"Oh yes, I know," I said languidly.

"You are coming, of course?"

"I don't think there is much 'of course' about it," I answered. "It is not at all likely I shall go to it—I'm not 'out' yet, and, besides, I haven't got a dress anyhow, and—I hate garden parties."

"Come in that little green gown," he said; "and would you hate a garden party if I amused you?"

"No; that would make it awfully jolly, of course," I said.

"I want you to come," he added softly; and I don't know why, but I got quite hot again, and I said ever so quickly:

"Oh, I must really go home, I shall be late for tea!" And I flew off, without saying good-bye properly.

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Then he sat down beside me, and we talked about Switzerland.

"But will you come to my—to the garden party?" he called out, when I was already halfway down the little green path that led to the lane, and I called back:

"I should like to go very much," because you see, I thought if Mr. Vernon was going to be there it would make it really very, very nice, not like the usual stupid sort of garden party.

The next day when I came in from the village I found Mama and Edith and Grace very much excited because a note had come from Lord Sarslake, and if I hadn't made up my mind to think kindly of him, because of his being Mr. Vernon's friend, I should have hated that Earl more than ever.

"Such a pleasant note," Mama said, "so friendly, apologising for not having called, and saying that he hopes we will all go to the garden party, and that he will then have the pleasure of making our acquaintance. Why, Barbara," her tone was quite gracious, "he actually says he hopes that I will bring my *three* daughters. He says that he hears my youngest daughter is not yet out, but he hopes I will allow you to join so informal and friendly a gathering."

And Mama was so elated that she actually said I might go. In my heart I thanked Mr. Vernon for that. I felt sure that it was through him that my invitation had come.

I did not see him at all for the next few days, but I knew he would be at the garden party, because he had told me he would.

Miss Alington, the village dressmaker, said she did not know what *had* come over me. I was "that interested" in my new white frock.

"And Miss Barbara," she said, "you didn't never used to think of your clothes enough to my mind—you was always a bit of a boy, Miss; and it is nice for a young lady to think of her clothes."

Ah, but I did want to look nice now. And when the day came at last, and I looked at myself in Edith's long glass, I thought—well, I thought I really didn't look so bad, though Mama did always say I was so exceedingly plain.

Still, my dress was pretty, though it was quite simple white muslin; and I expect it was because I was excited, that my eyes looked all shiny, and my cheeks very pink.

When we got to the Castle there were lots of people already standing about the garden

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and strolling over the lawns; and directly we came out on to the terrace in front of the house, where the guests were received, I caught sight of Mr. Vernon, amongst quite a little crowd. But when our names were called out, he turned very quickly, and I heard Mama say to Edith. "Why there's that Mr. Vernon we met abroad. How did *he* manage to get here?" And she was putting on her very best company manner, and her iciest smile, when all at once, Mr. Vernon took her hand, and said ever so nicely.

"Welcome to Sarslake, Mrs. King. This is only a renewal of acquaintance is it not? And I hear that we are very near neighbours. I am delighted to see you here to-day." He

I looked at myself in Edith's long glass.

turned to shake hands with the others, and with me, whilst Mama was utterly speechless with amazement.

Just for a second she looked puzzled, but then the truth flashed upon her, as it did upon us all? This was our host; Mr. Vernon was Lord Sarslake!

And of course our surmise was correct.

It was quite funny to see Mama's manner change from icy patronage into the most gracious and charming deference,—but our host, courteous as he was, had his other guests to receive, and we passed on.

It was more than I could bear to hear Mama, who had alternately snubbed and patronised him as Mr. Vernon, telling all our friends who met her, that we had known Lord Sarslake abroad, had seen *so* much of him etc., etc., *ad nauseam!*

And I crept away into the dearest little rose garden, hidden away among the bushes, where I was quite alone, and much happier than in a crowd.

I must have been there some time, I think, but presently there was a footstep behind me, and a voice that made my heart give a great throb, said.

"Ah, there you are. I have been hunting for you everywhere, now that I have done my duty. Well, little chum, have you forgiven me for deceiving you?" And Lord Sarslake sat down beside me, and took my hand.

"Why did you?" I said, lamely.

"I am going to tell you to-day. I had a special reason, and I don't think it was a very bad one. So you didn't wear the green gown after all."

"Of course not," I said. "Why its old and shabby."

"Never mind, I like it. You mustn't throw it away yet."

Then he was silent for a minute, but he still held my hand, and my heart beat faster and faster, till I almost thought he would hear it.

"I want you to come with me," he said abruptly. "I want to ask you something." And still holding my hand, he led me out of the rose garden, and by little winding paths through the shrubberies into the house. We went in through a window, into the big beautiful library, full of, oh, such lovely books! I should like to have stopped and looked at them, but he led me on, and upstairs into the very daintiest sweet boudoir, that looked out over the garden and park to the blue far away hills. There were a great many pictures in this room, but one in especial I noticed. It hung over the

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mantelpiece, and represented a girl of about my own age. But she was dressed in a trailing white satin dress, and she wore a tiara of diamonds on her hair. Her face was the loveliest I have ever seen, and it was as good as it was beautiful. Her blue eyes looked straight out at me, and her lips were curved in a smile, and it almost seemed as if she were leaning out of the picture towards me. I could not take my eyes off the lovely face.

The hand that held mine tightened its clasp.

"Do you like that picture?" he asked softly.

"Yes, oh yes, it is lovely. Who is she?"

"She is my mother—my beautiful mother—who has always been my ideal woman. That was painted when she married my father, and she was about your age then, Barbara." He had never called me that before. The colour swept over my face.

"I brought you here to see her picture," he went on, "and I felt as though I wanted to ask you the question I have to ask, with her eyes upon us. Do you know why all this time I have never told you my proper name? Why, Barbara, because I wanted you to care for *me*—just for my stupid self—wasn't it silly of me? My little chum, will you be my wife?"

I was so dreadfully surprised, that I believe I only gasped at first, and then I looked at him, and said slowly:

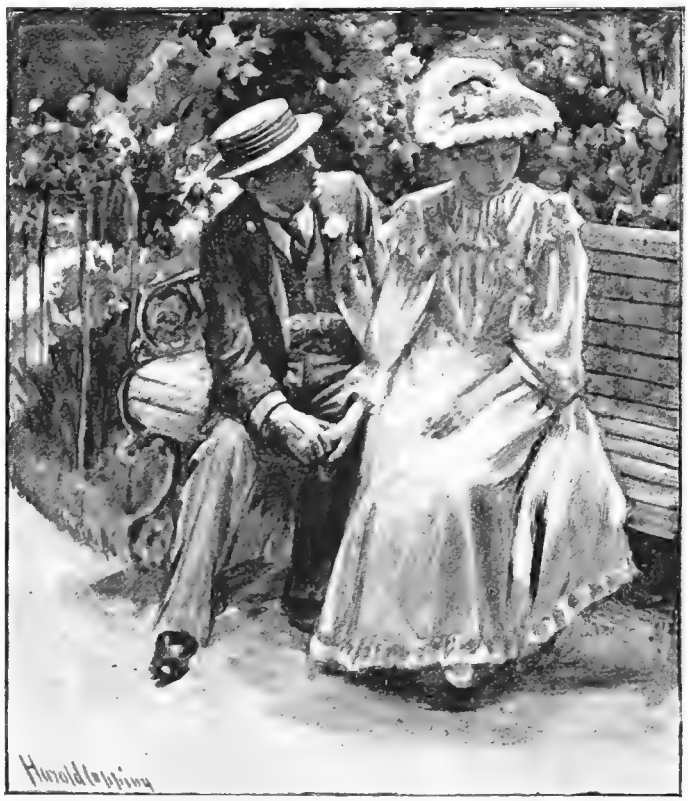
"*Me?*—You want *me* for your wife?"

"Yes, you dear, you, and only you. I have always wanted for my wife someone with my mother's pure strong soul; and I have found what I want—in you."

And I? I never said one single word. I just simply began to cry for sheer happiness. And he kissed me, and stroked my hair, and said such lots of nice things about me, till I felt ashamed. And all the time his mother's eyes smiled down upon us.

"I have often thought of those diamonds upon your hair, little one," he whispered; "and I have pictured you in a white satin frock——"

"Oh," I gasped, "but do you know everyone calls me a tomboy; and I do really believe that perhaps I'll drop the diamonds or wear them crooked, and spill something over a white satin frock. Its the sort of thing I *should* be most likely to do."



Lord Sarslake sat down beside me and took my hand.

And he only put his head back, when I said that, and laughed—and laughed.

"Never mind," he said, "there is something about a boy that I like. And you will have to keep your tiara straight just to be painted in, dear. I shall have you painted as a companion picture to my mother's portrait. But for myself, for my study, I am going to have a portrait of you as I first saw you—your hair in riotous confusion, your face full of the freshness of morning—your hands full of mountain flowers, and your dress—a little green gown!"

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THE DEVILS OF NOTRE-DAME.

By Mary Fermor.

Photos by Ed. Hautecœur.

In order to understand the presence of the grotesque and loathsome monsters which stand out against the sky from the external galleries and towers of Notre-Dame de Paris, and other churches of the same period, it is necessary to go back and study the minds of the master-builders, those giant artists of the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to whom we owe the stately and beautiful edifices which then "formed the book of the human race, the most eloquent expression of human thought."

If you are taking a trip next year to Paris for the great Exhibition, you will, without doubt, go over the Cathedral of Notre-Dame.

At this period the sculpture in France was, on the whole, the finest in the world, and was there used in the greatest profusion. It is a matter of deep regret that so many of the original figures have been demolished in the course of ages, for Notre-Dame de Paris has suffered rude treatment in the past, notably in the Reign of Terror, 1793, and during the Commune of 1871, when it narrowly escaped being burnt to the ground, for the incendiary communists had piled up two or three hundred chairs, surmounted by bundles of old paper, all steeped in petroleum, in the middle of the choir, and only the timely arrival of the National Guard prevented the absolute demolition of the venerable fane.

Early Gothic architecture shows traces of the barbarism from which its originators had but lately emerged, for their principal models were afforded by the rude Celtic monuments of the North, not the classic treasures of Greece and Rome: but the church builders of mediæval days sought truly to make their work supply "Sermons in Stones." They gave themselves to it with whole-hearted enthusiam, as Longfellow says of Strasburg Cathedral:

> The architect
> Built his great heart into those sculptured stones,
> And with him toiled his children, and their lives
> Were builded, with his own, into the walls,
> As Offerings unto God.

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They sought all that was good and holy, and used their art as a vehicle of moral and religious teaching, so they outlined their structures with figures emblematical of the Church's victory over the Legion of Devils, the emissaries of the Prince of Darkness being represented as taking flight from the consecrated House of God, while an angel mounts guard over the infernal cohort.

It is one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world. It was founded in 1163, and completed in 1257. It was restored between 1846 and 1879 by Viollet-le-Duc, but narrowly escaped destruction at the hands of the Communists in May, 1871.

The primary origin of these grotesque creations may be traced to the study of the Apocalypse, where the four Living Creatures are taken as symbols of the Evangelists and the Dragon as the Enemy of Man. It was not till the eleventh century that sculptured symbols of the Devil appeared in Christian architecture. Then they were hideous, monstrous forms, revolting travesties of the human and animal creation.

The Evil One is depicted either as an active agent or as a crafty counsellor. In the former capacity he is given more or less human form, with wings and possibly a tail, ending with a serpent's head; the naked limbs are lean and emaciated, the hands and feet are abnormally huge, the hair wildly disordered, and the mouth a gaping cavity. In the rôle of counsellor he is more often represented as a grotesque animal or a dog with a man's head.

The cathedral has five naves running the whole length of the building. The central spire is 312ft. in height, whilst two massive square towers crown the façade.

By the twelfth century we find other animals, real or imaginary, employed to symbolise virtues and vices. The lion meant vigilance, force and courage; the mermaid, pleasures of the flesh; the pelican, charity. The screech-owl, the snake, and the basilisk, or fabulous crowned serpent, were all favourite symbols of the Devil. When the artists wished to represent a man enslaved by base passions they placed the human figure by the side of the embodied vice.

Later on the devils assume a less terrible form, they become depraved rather than awe-inspiring, and are often only ridiculous. Irony takes the place of savagery, cunning that of cruelty; sometimes the Evil One cheats man, sometimes he is cheated himself. Each province had its own type of creature, but those early sculptors show a close and correct

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study of nature. Every curve, every limb is true to life.

The practical genius which these church-builders combined with their devout, and, to us, perhaps, superstitious symbolism, soon turned these monsters to account, for true Gothic art had no useless ornament. The gargoyles, or water-spouts, that carried the drainage from the roof, were made to project considerably over the side of the building so as to throw the water clear of the walls, and, instead of leaving the unsightly leaden spout, they encased it in stone with the aperture forming the mouth of some snarling beast, a type of the evil spirits man has to struggle against, symbolical also of the fact that even the mean and base things of earth may be made to serve a purpose in the great scheme of the Master Mind. As Michelet says: "The god of sin, the hideous dragon, the devil, is in the church, conquered and humbled, but still there."

This façade is most beautiful, indeed it is one of the most perfect specimens of Mediæval architecture that has come down to us.

The word gargoyle has two derivations, one from the French *gargouille*, so called from the gurgling sound of running water; the other from *gargonelle*, a dragon, which was said to have infested the neighbourhood of Rouen, till slain by St. Romanus.

One of the most world renowned features of Notre-Dame is the extraordinary gargoyles, generally known as the "Devils of Notre-Dame."

After the gargoyles were added such figures as those represented in the accompanying illustrations, which are placed on the gallery of Notre-Dame beneath the towers, parallel with the roof ridge, upon which stands the mighty Angel of Judgment, with the trumpet, calling all creation to its account. Most of the existing *chimeres*, or monsters, are the work of M. Viollet-le-Duc, who faithfully and boldly followed the old models to which he turned for inspiration, and whose spirit he has perpetuated so harmoniously.

The greater number of this repulsive, typical horde are depicted as beasts of prey, with gaping jaws, as if uttering howls of impotent rage, or snarling savagely at the world beyond their reach. It will be seen that several of the larger monsters are crushing the life out of some weak, defenceless creatures held in their fiendish grasp. One of them, half human, half beast, is in the act

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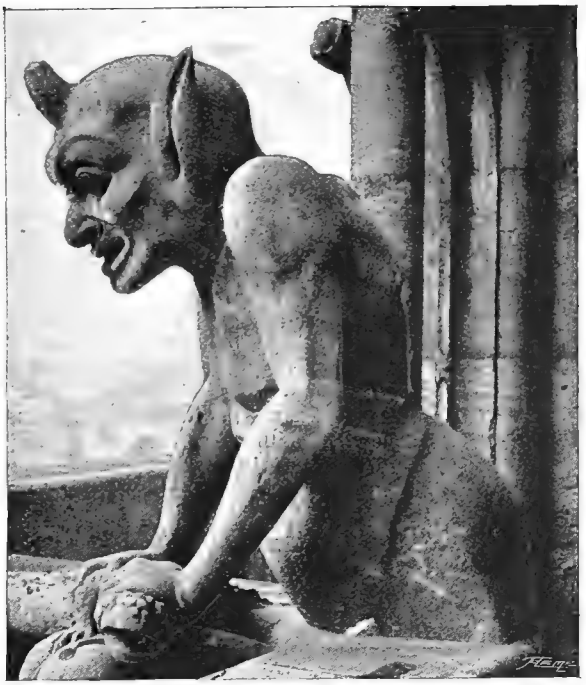

Some are sculptured in the act of crushing the life out of smaller creatures.

of tearing a rabbit limb from limb; another is crushing a mouse, a third has a frog in its clutches; while in another part of the gallery one devil is in the act of carrying off a smaller demon that he has seized with his teeth in the back, and his victim seeks to retaliate by fixing his fangs in his captor's leg.

There is a power of concentrated malice and grim strength in the winged, horned monster that sits with baboon-like face and protruding tongue, looking down on the city beneath as if he did not yet own himself beaten, and was merely waiting to work fresh havoc.

Mr. Joseph Pennel describes one as "an obscene and bald bird crouching over a bunch of grapes (see illustration), possibly representing habitual and debased drunkenness."

Many of the figures are given to us by the sculptors in the very act of mad flight, at the moment of utter, disorganised rout, with rage, frenzy and despair speaking in every line and curve. They are ready to spring, full of the raging lust, the vampire-like ferocity that craves for "what it may devour;" others, of the vulture tribe are on the watch, calculating the exact moment to seize their prey. In the scaly monster we have the serpent symbol of the Devil as an acting agent, and we may trace a resemblance to Dagon the Fish-god of the Philistines, "the sea-monster, upward man and downward fish." The stolid elephant may be taken as an emblem of soul-destroying sloth, which numbs all high aspirations and paralyses noble effort till the body becomes unwieldy and mind is buried in matter. Others of the dog species remind us of Milton's description of the "Hell-hounds" that:

> Never ceasing barked
> With wide Cerberean mouths, full loud, and rung
> A hideous peal.

It is impossible to contemplate the Devils of Notre-Dame without mentally adding to the lifeless throng, two living, moving figures immortalised by Victor Hugo. The first is the deaf, misshapen hunchback,

Others, again, sullenly gaze down across the house-tops of the gay city stretching beneath them almost as far as the eye can follow.

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Here and there are to be found shapes that are like nothing in the animal world, but resembling rather prehistoric creatures.

Quasimodo, with his darkened, stunted mind and large, lonely heart, craving for the love that was never to be his; whose whole life was bound up in the cathedral, and who was regarded with superstitious fear and hatred by those who deemed themselves the victims of his sorcery.

Quasimodo loved the most hideous of the monsters with a grim fellow feeling. They were his friends and protectors. He was drawn to them by a common tie of repulsiveness, and yet, at the risk of his life, he destroyed one of his stone comrades when he found that it frightened Esmeralda. It was from behind these devils that he rained down the stones, and through two of the gargoyles on the west façade that he poured the molten lead upon the seething rabble that had come, as he thought, to drag his darling from the sanctuary.

The other figure that suggests itself is that of Claude Frollo, the renegade priest, *l'âme damnée*, who watched Esmeralda's dying throes from the north tower, unmindful of the presence of his slave the hunchback, till, when the tragedy was consummated, he uttered the demoniacal laugh which quenched the life-long flame of grateful love in the heart of his *protégé*. Then we see him after Quasimodo has hurled him from the battlements, clinging convulsively to one of the monster-headed gargoyles, quivering, cursing, gasping between earth and heaven. He raises his dying eyes to the graven figures above him, hanging in like manner over the abyss; but their passions are impassive in their petrifaction; they feel neither terror for themselves nor pity for him."

Many other word pictures are raised by the mere title "Notre-Dame de Paris." We may try to imagine the splendour of those ancient church festivals when, in addition to the gorgeous ceremonial within, the impressionable minds of the passing throng without were stirred by showers of fair flowers descending from the House of God, and gentle doves emerging from unseen apertures in the cathedral roof, followed by wisps of burning tow symbolical of the Pentecostal Tongues of Flame. We have but touched upon one of the least important features of that "majestic and sublime edifice," that "ancient queen of

Others are birds, a vulture, or an eagle, or, again, a stork with its young drinking their parent's blood in accordance with the old legend.

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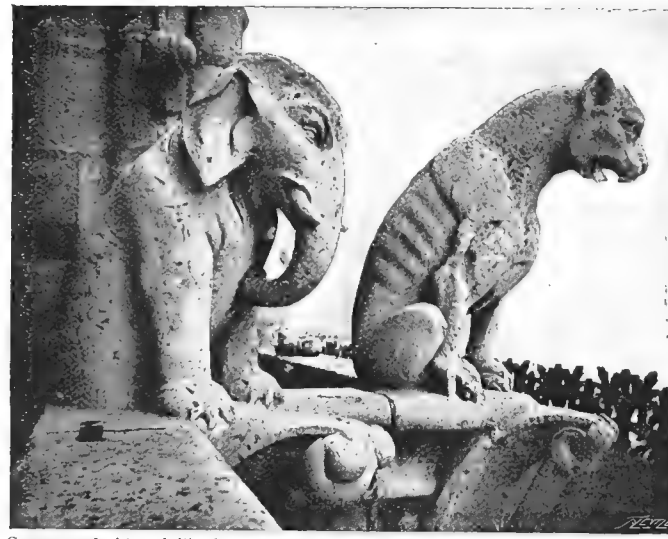
cathedrals" as Victor Hugo lovingly calls it, which would lose nothing of its grandeur even were it to be stripped of its wealth of sculptured ornament.

As another writer says, "The strength of its mighty canopy, the noble proportions of its front, its great shadows and saliences, its vast scheme of ribs, piers and far-stepping buttresses, balance and make a harmony like solid music."

The life-work of the saintly Maurice de Sully, Archbishop of Paris, has stood the test of seven centuries, a monument of simple grandeur, changeless amid the many changes that have swept over the surrounding city, a lasting testimony to the love and faith and skill that called it into being.



Some are fashioned like huge animals, partly true to nature and partly grotesque and horrible.

But dark scenes have also been witnessed within the old cathedral walls, and of these the most notable and daring was when, in 1793, the Deity was declared to be deposed by the notorious Convention, and the ancient edifice was transformed into a Temple of Reason. A celebrated beauty, Madame Maillard, of the Opera, known in more than one character to most members of the Convention, was appointed goddess of the new religion, and as Sir Archibald Alison says: "After being embraced by the President, she was mounted on a magnificent car and conducted amidst an immense crowd to the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame to take the place of the Deity. There she was elevated on the high altar, and received the adoration of all present." A number of young women belonging to the opera, all of bad character, were her attendants, and so disgraceful and licentious were the scenes witnessed in the noble building thus desecrated, that even Robespierre afterwards declared that Chaumette, the ringleader in the sacrilege, "deserved death for the abominations he had permitted on that occasion."

Others are apparently representative of the Evil One, so commonly depicted in one form or another throughout the pictures and books of the Middle Ages.

Not until 1802 was the Catholic religion formally restored in France by Napoleon, who was then First Consul. On Easter Sunday in that year a *Te Deum* was celebrated at the historic Cathedral of Notre-Dame by Cardinal Caprava, in commemoration of the re-establishment of Christianity.

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A REMARKABLE RAILWAY LINE.

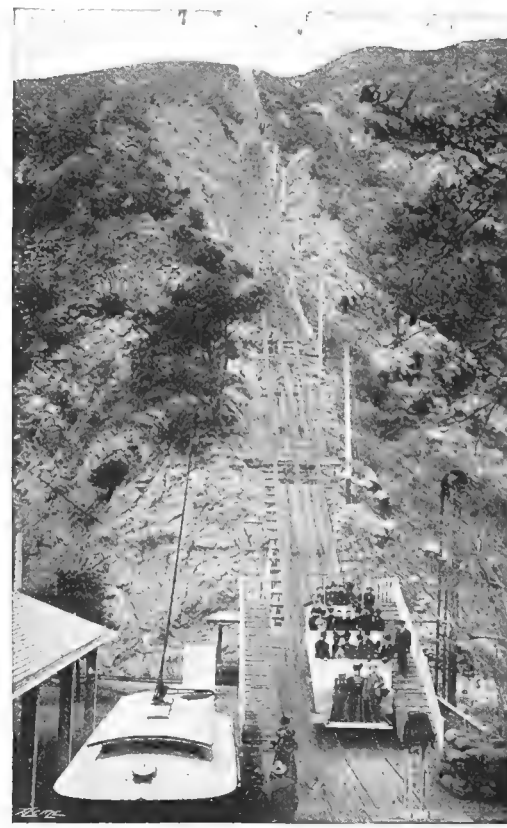
By C. F. Holder.

The State of California has, from its mountainous character, been the field of some remarkable engineering feats, chief among which is the pass of Zehachepi, which all travellers must cross in going from San Francisco to Los Angeles, New Orleans, or Mexico.

The pass was necessary to enable the road to enter an extraordinary jumble of mountains that block the way between the Mojave Desert and the great plain of the San Joaquin, and to make it possible the road at Zehachepi forms a perfect loop, not merely turning on, but going beneath itself, so that the train gradually rises with a spiral motion out of the tunnel and makes a complete loop in a large valley surrounded by mountains.

This section of the Southern Pacific Railroad is famous for its scenic possibilities, and the descent down the mountains from the summit to the San Joaquin Valley, made at a rapid rate of speed, is one of the marvels of modern travel.

The famous mountain stage road of Santa Catalina Island has two loops which make it possible for the coach to turn the point of the cañons which it skirts. In this instance the coach merely crosses its own track — a movement involving an interesting feat with the reins.



From a Photograph.

At the foot of the great cable incline, Mount Lowe.

On Mount Lowe, in Los Angeles County, is found the railway that is the Mecca of tourists in this part of the world. For years the Sierra Madre mountains were almost unknown, except to the few who climbed the trails or followed the streams in the cañons to their sources, and it was left to T. S. C. Lowe to erect a cable incline up the sides of the Sierras and thus make it possible for a person to pick oranges in Paradena and an hour later enjoy a sleigh ride, if winter is selected for the trip.

The approach to the mountains is made in an ordinary electric car, which climbs up over the mesa, finally entering a cañon. Here, standing at the foot of the incline and looking up, we see the Echo Mountain House at an altitude of 3500 feet. It is here that the stupendous nature of the work is appreciated.

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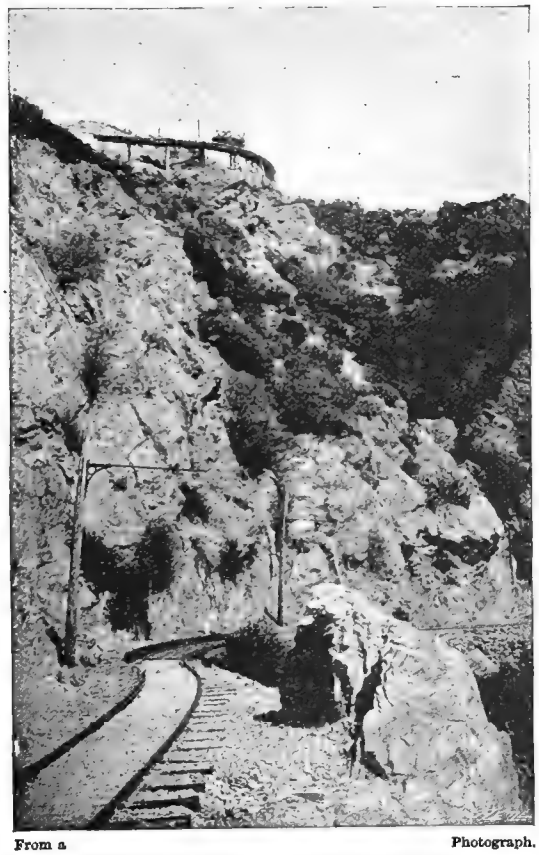

From a Photograph.

Echo Mountain in the distance, 3,500ft. high.

A white car, fastened to a cable, stands waiting, and at a tap of the wire, a signal to the man on the mountain, it rises steadily and mysteriously. The grade is at first 60 per cent., then at the halfway station it becomes 62, then 58, and finally 48 per cent. This means a direct rise of 62ft. in every hundred.

As the chariot rises, all the wonders of the mountains become apparent. The world seems to be dropping away from us. We look into the very heart of the range, its great cañons, its mighty walls and overhanging crags, all of the most titanic description, on every hand. Higher and higher. The islands sixty miles away are plainly seen, and a marvellous checker-board of the towns and cities of Southern California are spread before us.

To show the complete command of the car, the conductor touches a small telegraph wire that skirts the track, and the car stops. Another touch, and it moves mysteriously upward. Glancing up, another car is seen coming down on the single track.

The cars are attached to an endless cable, tested to stand a strain of 100 tons, and they meet and pass at an automatic turn-out in the centre of the incline, one turning to one side, one to another.

We are now crossing a bridge 200ft. long, one end being 100ft. higher than the other—an ingenious anomaly. The road appears at one point to reach the almost perpendicular, then the car gently glides over the summit and stops at Echo Mountain.

There is the half-way station in the ascent of Mount Lowe, and presently the car moves on, ever skirting deep cañons, climbing rocky crags, sweeping suddenly around points of rock, and seemingly hovering between sky and earth.

This road, while not as sensational as the incline, is distinctly interesting. There is a remarkable circular bridge that is an astonishing feature to engineers who have seen it. Owing to the peculiar nature of the mountain it became necessary to encircle a spur.

From a Photograph.

The line of the railroad, with a glimpse of the valley.

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This was accomplished by building a circular bridge, 400ft. in circumference and 150ft. in diameter; the grade on the bridge is $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The top of nothing is a familiar term to devotees of whist; it also appeals to the travellers on this wonderful bridge, as the car appears to be projected into space, and, like a bird, is suspended in mid-air. But it slowly moves on, and is soon running in the direction of Alpine Tavern, the end of the road at present. From this lofty eyrie the road can be seen winding downward like a snake, turning, coiling, doubling upon itself in loops and turns.

From a Photograph.

The famous circular bridge on reaching which the passengers seem to be travelling upon nothing.

From one point of vantage nine different tracks are seen. In winter the famous railroad is at its best. After a snowstorm from the summit of Mount Lowe, looking to the West, forty miles of snow-clad peaks are visible, forty miles across, peaks rising from 5,000ft. to 14,000ft. and more.

A turn of the head and the scene changes. At our feet are the groves and vineyards of California basking in the semi-tropical sun, the mesa ablaze with golden poppies, the fields green with grain, Winter and Summer face to face.

THE DEAR DEPARTED.

FAREWELL, farewell, the fates unkind
Decree that we must part,
'Twere pain to stop, 'tis pain to go,
Farewell, farewell, dear heart.

They counsel me that time will find
Some other in thy stead,
That Nature's hand will soothe the pain
Of parting, that I dread.

That if I tarry nought but harm
Can you and me befall,
So once again, my own, farewell—
Farewell for good and all.

* * * * *

'Tis done and now I fain must seek
With human aid to build
Some ivory tomb to guard the spot
Which once my tooth had filled.

SIMPLE SIMON.

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FIFI'S LUCK

By Katharine Renell.

Fifi Carlingford was the prettiest, the smartest, and the luckiest woman in London, and Jack Carew was the stupidest, the dullest, and the most unlucky of men.

Hitherto his life had been one unbroken record of failure. He had been ploughed for the army; had failed to take his degree when, after much striving, his tutor had at last managed to struggle him into Oxford; and had omitted to make a fortune during the three years which he had spent on the gold-fields of Australia. That he loved Fifi was audacious, but it was not surprising—most members of the male sex between the ages of sixteen and sixty *did*. But the extraordinary part of the matter was that she, apparently, returned his affection.

Since the death of old Carlingford—whom Fifi had undoubtedly married for his money—the suitors for her fair hand had been numerous and varied—but she would have none of them. But when Jack Carew, big, stupid, floundering Jack, had blundered into her life, Fifi, with the incorrigibility of womankind, had descended from her pedestal of ice, and become engaged to him.

Society shrugged its conventional shoulders and marvelled. But then, Fifi was so dear and queer, she had always been eccentric (with the somewhat unpleasant eccentricities which only a very rich or very beautiful woman would be allowed to indulge in), and perhaps she saw more in young Carew than other people did. The "other people" saw only that he was a fool, which, being interpreted, meant that he was better-tempered and more good-natured than anybody else, and possessed of the best and kindest heart in the world. He was not rich, but his grandfather, his only surviving relative, was, and it was an open secret that old Carew, who was perilously near eighty-nine, and could not in all human possibility last much longer, had made him his heir.

Although the vastness of Fifi's wealth rendered her comparatively indifferent to her lover's income, Jack was "fool" enough to be averse to living on his wife's money. And certainly Fifi was very rich.

Apart from her own private income, it was well-known among certain select circles that Mrs. Carlingford's luck on the turf was extraordinary, indeed, the sums she won were reported as being fabulous, and she had never been known to lose. A fact which the before-mentioned circles, in the delightfully adaptable manner in which certain animals are depicted as always following their leader, thought charming, "so smart, don't you know," but which Jack, in his old-fashioned scrupulousness, did not altogether approve of for ladies.

"I don't like it, you know, darling," he said to her one evening, when they were sitting together in her boudoir, smoking cigarettes. Fifi often smoked in private, and somehow without appearing to offend. "I know your luck is preternatural, but it may desert you some day, and, hang it all, betting's not—it's not womanly."

Fifi laughed, and flicked the ash from the end of her cigarette.

"I don't want to be womanly," she retorted calmly; "it savours of Sunday school teachers;

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and as to my luck, it has been with me all through my life, hitherto, and I think it will do so until the end."

Jack sighed a little, and got up, it was past twelve o'clock, and time for him to leave her.

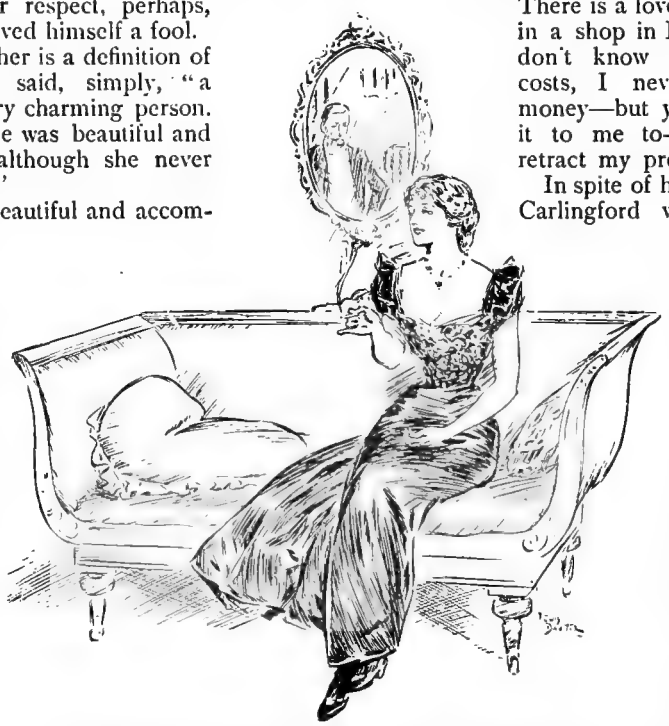
"All the same, Fifi," he said rather wistfully. "If you don't want to be womanly, surely you would wish to be ladylike? My mother—"

"Bother your mother!" interrupted Fifi, gaily; "she must have been an awful old frump, Jack."

Jack flushed. He had been fond of his mother, another respect, perhaps, in which he proved himself a fool.

"If my mother is a definition of a frump," he said, simply, "a frump was a very charming person. I know that she was beautiful and accomplished, although she never backed horses."

"So am I beautiful and accomplished," said Fifi, saucily, "although a good deal of my beauty is put on by my maid, and my accomplishments chiefly lie in the direction of smoking, shooting, and betting. I glory in my bad form, Jack, and would not be like your mother for the world!"



Fifi often smoked, and somehow without appearing to offend.

She was silent for the moment, then an idea seemed to strike her, for her lips parted in a smile, and a roguish look flashed into her dark eyes.

"I tell you what, Jack," she said, suddenly, "I'll be generous to you once—honour bright, I will. It was awfully sweet of you to give me that diamond pendant, the other day, and I—, I—," she hung her head demurely, and blushed, "I'll promise not to back any horses on Derby Day. There!"

Jack looked pleased. He was glad to think that she was ready to sacrifice one of her pleasures to his wish. She must love him then a little, he thought wistfully. Poor foolish, simple-hearted Jack. He was younger than Fifi; in age, by five years—in experience of women and the world, by twenty.

"That's awfully good of you, darling," he said eagerly. "I can't repay you for it——"

"Oh, yes, you can," interrupted Fifi. "I always want a bribe, you know, when I promise to be good."

Jack smiled.

"What shall it be, dear, another pendant?"

"A diamond necklace," she replied promptly. "Now, Jack, I gave you my word of honour, and you must give me your's. There is a love of a necklace in a shop in Bond Street—I don't know how much it costs, I never understand money—but you must bring it to me to-morrow, or I retract my promise."

In spite of her wealth, Mrs. Carlingford was still very mercenary.

Jack began to think that his cup of happiness was being impregnated with a few drops of bitterness. He was the accepted lover of the most beautiful woman in London, but she was also the most expensive. Hardly a day had passed since their engagement that he had not bought her something, and he wondered, vaguely, how on earth he was to pay for a diamond necklace. Still, anything—anything to save her from that horrible betting, even if he had to pawn his dearest earthly possession.

"All right, darling," he said bravely, "I'll manage it."

Fifi accompanied him to the hall door herself, an honour which she seldom conferred upon him, for she was a coy damsel, but she was in high spirits to-night. The glint of diamonds is, to some women, what human blood is to a tiger. The magnificent pendant that Jack, in the first flush of his

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happiness at their engagement, had given her, had merely aroused in her a desire for more. Fifi had tasted blood.

"That's my own dear, generous boy," she murmured, sweetly.

And Jack was made deliriously happy when she helped him into his great coat with her own white hands, and then permitted him to imprint one kiss on her beautiful face.

Oh, she too, could be generous at times.

* * * * *

Jack was coming down the steps of his club a couple of weeks later, when a hand was suddenly laid upon his arm. He turned round sharply, like a man who knows that he has to be on his guard. Then the hunted look faded from his face, and an expression of relieved surprise took its place.

"Why, Vane!" he exclaimed, mentioning the name of a man with whom he had "chummed" during the three unsuccessful years he had passed on the goldfields. "I didn't expect to meet you here!"

The other laughed. He was a short, thick-set, horsey-looking fellow, with shrewd, rather cunning eyes.

"You couldn't have looked more startled if you'd seen a ghost," he rejoined. "What's up with you, Carew? You look as if the 'tecs' were after you."

Jack flushed, and linking his arm in Vane's, walked on for a moment without saying a word, then, all of a sudden, he spoke.

"Vane," he said bluntly, "I want a thousand pounds."

"So do most of us, I guess."

Jack took no notice of the interruption.

"Before a month is over, I'm ruined, body and soul! I'm in debt, Vane, to a jeweller, and he's threatened to send the bill in to my grandfather if I don't settle up in less than a month. If there is one thing in this world that the old man detests, it is debt, and he has told me, many a time, that if ever a bill of mine comes in to him, he will disinherit me—and he always keeps his word. I shall have to emigrate, Vane, for I'm engaged to be married to——"

"Ah, I thought the woman was coming in somewhere. She is generally at the bottom of it when a man gets into a mess."

"The most beautiful woman in London, Mrs. Carlingford——"

For the first time during the conversation, Vane began to display interest.

"What, not *the* Mrs. Carlingford?" he asked.

Jack flushed; it never pleased him to think that Fifi was notorious.

"I don't quite understand you," he said, with slight haughtiness.

Vane laughed.

"Why, man alive! her luck on the turf is proverbial. I'm a betting man myself, and well-up in such matters; but by jove, I think that little woman must have got the devil in her."

"Thanks," interrupted Jack, coldly, "you will perhaps be surprised to hear then, that Mrs. Carlingford has promised to give up betting, at my wish."

Vane looked up in perplexed surprise.

"But surely," he said, "she cannot have done that, she—"

"But I maintain that she has," Jack insisted stoutly, "and I am thankful for it, although it has cost me a thousand pounds. If I don't get some means of paying that bill, Vane, I'm done! Good God! I shall have to give up Fifi; for I can't marry her without a penny."

Vane looked honestly concerned. For a time he was silent, then suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, for he looked up quickly, a light on his good-natured face.

"Look here, Carew," he said, "I've thought of a way to help you, and by jove, we'll do it! There are more ways than one of winning a thousand pounds. Why not take a leaf out of Mrs. Carlingford's book, and try the turf?"

For a moment Jack's face brightened, then it fell again.

"I hate anything to do with betting, Vane."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the other, in a disgusted voice; "you've got no more of the devil in you than my old grandmother! You——"

"But I don't understand anything about it, either," faltered Jack. "I always steered clear of it, and I'm fool enough at understanding anything, goodness knows. I tell you, I know about as much about horse-racing as a school girl. Why, I don't even remember who won the Derby last year."

"No; but you'll have a cool thousand on the horse who wins it this year," said Vane, stolidly. "Don't you bother about your ignorance on such matters, I know enough for both of us, and you can trust me, old pal. I'm in the know for the Derby this year, I can tell you, and if you'll leave it all to me——"

He paused, and gave a significant wink. Jack pushed his hat back with a gesture of

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He paused, and gave a significant wink.

weariness, and a cool breeze sprang up and ruffled the fair hair on his forehead.

"It's a detestable business!" he said. Vane was writing something in a greasy-looking pocket-book.

"Have some pluck in you," he said, drily, "and try your luck."

Jack smiled rather bitterly.

"It's had more tries than one, and has never done me a good turn yet," he remarked. "I — I'm not Mrs. Carlingford."

"No, and what's more, you'll never be her husband either, if you don't pay off that thousand."

This last shot told. Jack could not bear to think of losing Fifi. In five minutes Vane was smiling with satisfaction—his point was gained. They had reached his destination now, and Jack, having refused an invitation to enter, was turning away, when suddenly he called Vane back. The latter was startled at the whiteness of his face.

"I say, old chap," he said, "it's—it's a matter of life or death to me, you know, if—if I lose, what then?"

Vane frowned—he never cared to look at the dark side of any question.

"If you lose," he began, "if you lose——" Then:

"Oh, that be hanged!" he added quickly, "of course you won't!"

* * * * *

Jack lunched with Fifi on Derby Day. She was waiting for him in her drawing-room when he arrived, and though she greeted him with her accustomed cheerfulness, her manner was slightly strained, and something seemed to be weighing on her mind. She had dressed herself entirely in white, which suited her dark beauty to perfection, and round her neck, though Fifi rarely wore much jewellery during the daytime, there glistened the diamonds that he had given her.

Jack looked at them, and although he admired their beauty, he could hardly repress a sigh when he thought of the terrible price that they were probably going to cost him. If he won his thousand pounds, all right; if not—ah, if not! Well, terrible as the suspense was, he would know soon. He had told Vane to wire to him the moment the race was over.

During lunch, Fifi, contrary to her wont, scarcely spoke at all, and Jack, occupied with his own thoughts, was equally silent. Afterwards he followed her into the drawing-room, where she sang coon songs to her banjo accompaniment, but without the fire and fervour with which she generally sang to him.

When she had finished, Jack, noticing her preoccupation, came up to where she was sitting by the half opened window, and put his hand on her shoulder.

"There is something on your mind to-day, Fifi," he said simply, "you are not yourself, what is it?"

Fifi looked up at him. There was a strange tenderness in her big dark eyes.

She laughed rather nervously, and hesitated a moment before she replied.

"I've got a big secret, Jack," she said, "and it's too large for a little woman like me. I've kept it from you, old boy, till I felt that I *must* tell you or die. But I've managed to keep it until now—and after to-night I needn't keep it from you any longer—you will know it in less than half-an-hour!"

Jack's lips parted in their large good-natured smile.

"I, too, have got a great big secret," he said slowly, "but you will know that also, soon. I wonder what your's is about, Fifi?"

Almost instinctively, Fifi drew her shoulder away from the caress of his big hand. He saw her cheeks suddenly flush.

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"You will be awfully angry with me when you know, old boy," she said in a low voice.

Jack's hand wandered back again on to her shoulder.

"Angry with *you?*" he said reproachfully. "Oh, my darling!"

Then, suddenly, he sighed.

"Perhaps you, too, will be angry with me when you have heard what *my* secret is," he said.

Fifi looked up at him. She noticed the weariness of his eyes and the lines of anxiety round his mouth.

"Have you been doing anything bad, Jack?" she asked.

Jack sat down by her side and looked into her eyes.

"I have been doing," he said bitterly, "exactly what I told you not to. I am a nice person, am I not, not to practice what I preach?"

"Oh——Jack!"

Fifi had suddenly risen from her seat. She stood in front of him, there was a strange light in her eyes.

"Jack——" she began.

The door opened suddenly. The servant, bearing a silver salver, stood before them. The salver contained coffee and two little yellow envelopes. Fifi snatched them up.

"One for you, Jack," she cried, "how very odd!"

She tossed it across to him. Jack took it, and he felt his hand shake. Almost instinctively he moved away to the other end of the room. He felt as if he could not read it with Fifi's eyes upon him. Good God! The suspense was awful. Something seemed to have clutched at his heart—it was a cruel pain. Perhaps his heart was a bit weak—well, he must bear up better than this, it would never do for him to faint and give way like a woman.

He opened the envelope—slowly. Oh, what news had Vane sent him? Which was it—ruin and emigration, or life—love—Fifi . . . . Read it, you fool, be brave!

He was holding the little slip of paper before his eyes.

His hand was shaking so, and his eyes were misty, the words were all blurred, and he could scarcely see. Oh, coward, woman that he was!

Let's see, what was it? Ah!

"Vindictive beaten short head by Lotus-eater. Awfully sorry."—Vane.

* * * * *

Fifi raised her head, her cheeks were flushed and glowing, and her eyes shone with a triumphant light. She, a woman, had won the Derby!

She rose from her chair.

"Jack!" she cried joyously. "Oh, Jack, congratulate me. That is my secret, but I kept my word to you all the same, for I never backed a horse to-day, although I was the owner of Lotus-eater. Oh, Jack, isn't it grand?"

Sun-blinds shaded the room. Fifi always moved in twilight. From the further end, in her excitement, she could dimly see Jack lying back in a chair. She advanced towards him, waving the little yellow paper above her head, and laughing with delight.

"Did you ever know anything like my luck?" she said. "And fancy, you old goose, not finding out that I had entered Lotus-eater for the Derby." Then, as he still made no answer; "Jack, why don't you speak to me? You're not angry with me, are you?"

She had reached him now, and, in her haste, she stumbled against his legs, which were stretched out stiffly in front of him. His head had fallen forward on to his breast, and, grasped tightly in his hand, was the little

She sang coon songs to her banjo accompaniment.

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yellow paper that had dealt him so cruel a blow.

Something in the expression of his face struck a cold fear into Fifi's heart. She laid her hand on his shoulder and shook him gently.

"Jack!" she cried. "Oh, Jack, speak to me. Don't look like that."

The telegram, loosened from the cold fingers that held it, fluttered to the ground. Fifi picked it up, and read it through. For a moment she stood motionless, her face whiter than her gown. Then, with a sudden cry, she flung herself on her knees by his side.

"Oh, Jack!" she wailed. "My darling, forgive me. I did not know. And to think that it is my Lotus-eater that has done this. Jack—speak to me—say you forgive."

She laid a hand on his shoulder and shook him gently.

But the voice, which had been wont to answer to her faintest call, was now for ever silent. For Death, the all-merciful, had come to heal Jack's broken heart.

And Fifi knew that her luck had turned at last.

* * * * *

Mrs. Carlingford has given Society another shock. For she has let her house in Grosvenor Square to a foreign prince with an unpronounceable name, and retired to her country residence in Devonshire, where, according to rumour, she intends to live for the rest of her natural life. It is also well-known among her acquaintances that she has given up smoking and shooting, and that fashionable race-meetings know her no more. But when, in addition to all this, it was rumoured that she had founded a soup-kitchen, was building a new apse to the village church, and actually—oh, dreadful!—was the manager of a large and flourishing class in the Sunday school, Society lifted up its hands in horror! For some time it vainly puzzled its head over this extraordinary conduct on the part of the smartest woman in London, but at last, after much thought, it arrived at two conclusions.

The men,—with whom Fifi had always been popular—said that Mrs. Carlingford had more heart, after all, than they had given her credit for, and being cut up at poor Carew's death, was trying to turn over a new leaf for his sake; but the women—with whom she had always been unpopular—asserted that once a flirt, always a flirt, and the bold minx was setting her cap at the village curate.

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SOME EXTRAORDINARY STONE FREAKS

By Henry G. Swift.

The eccentricities of Nature sometimes assume very startling guises—that is, startling enough to the human eye. And among the many queer and whimsical curiosities met with few are more striking than the wonderful accidental resemblances occasionally met with in inanimate forms and substances, and in the chips from Nature's workshop.

Readers are of course familiar with the outlines of human faces which can be detected among the mazes of a map, for instance; while, perhaps, more familiar still are the singular likenesses met with in the vegetable kingdom when a forked radish or a bifurcated carrot will borrow the dignity of the human form divine, or a potato put on quite a human expression. Such instances are, however, comparatively common, as are similar peculiarities in trees with gnarled and knotted trunks. It is also perhaps unnecessary to remind our readers that many hills and headlands looked at from a particular point of vantage bear a strange resemblance to faces and other things. Perhaps in the case of well-known cliffs and rocks remarkable for singularity of outline, it is not wonderful that they should attract attention till they have not only a local habitation but a name.

A Stony Repast.

Again everyone has seen pictures of scenery, trees, and other subjects in moss agate, and there are several noted specimens which are so curious that they are valued at many times their weight in gold.

But, among all the natural curiosities of this description, none are more strange and interesting than the extraordinary freaks sometimes met with in common pebbles picked up from the seashore.

The writer of the present article, influenced by a love of the queer and the wonderful in all things, has gathered together a small collection which he has picked up from time to time in his rambles along the various parts of the Kentish and Sussex coast. Most of the specimens which are here reproduced have been found stranded by the receding tide, and it has required not a little careful observation and discrimination to discern their peculiarities, as at first sight, lying on the bed of the sand, they have not always appeared what they have afterwards turned out to be.

The dainty viands set forth on the doll's table, appetising as they may here appear, it is necessary to warn the hungry are nothing more than judiciously selected pebbles, while the one or two utensils, the flask and the drinking-cup are only curiously-shaped flintstones.

The elephant's profile next depicted,

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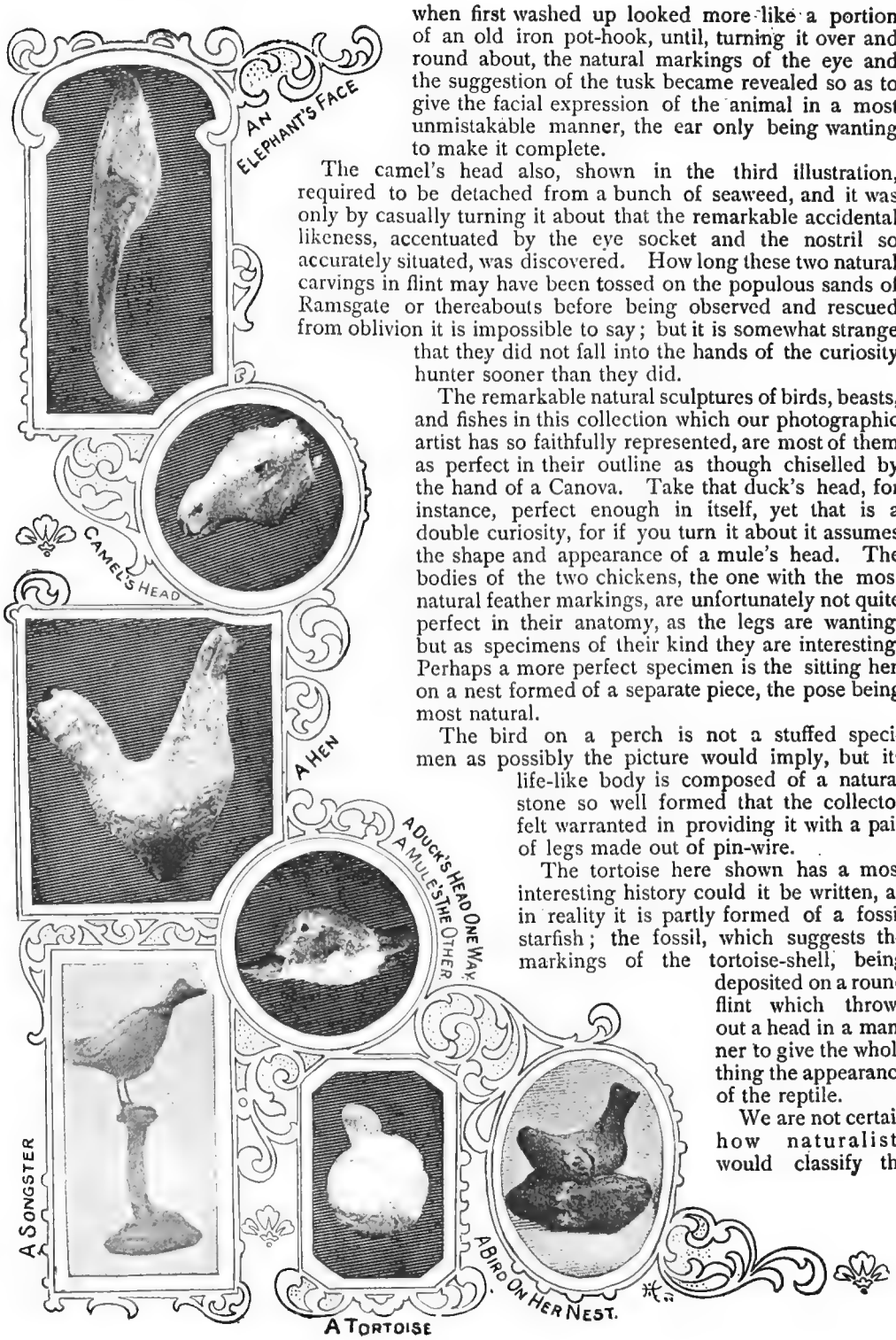


when first washed up looked more like a portion of an old iron pot-hook, until, turning it over and round about, the natural markings of the eye and the suggestion of the tusk became revealed so as to give the facial expression of the animal in a most unmistakable manner, the ear only being wanting to make it complete.

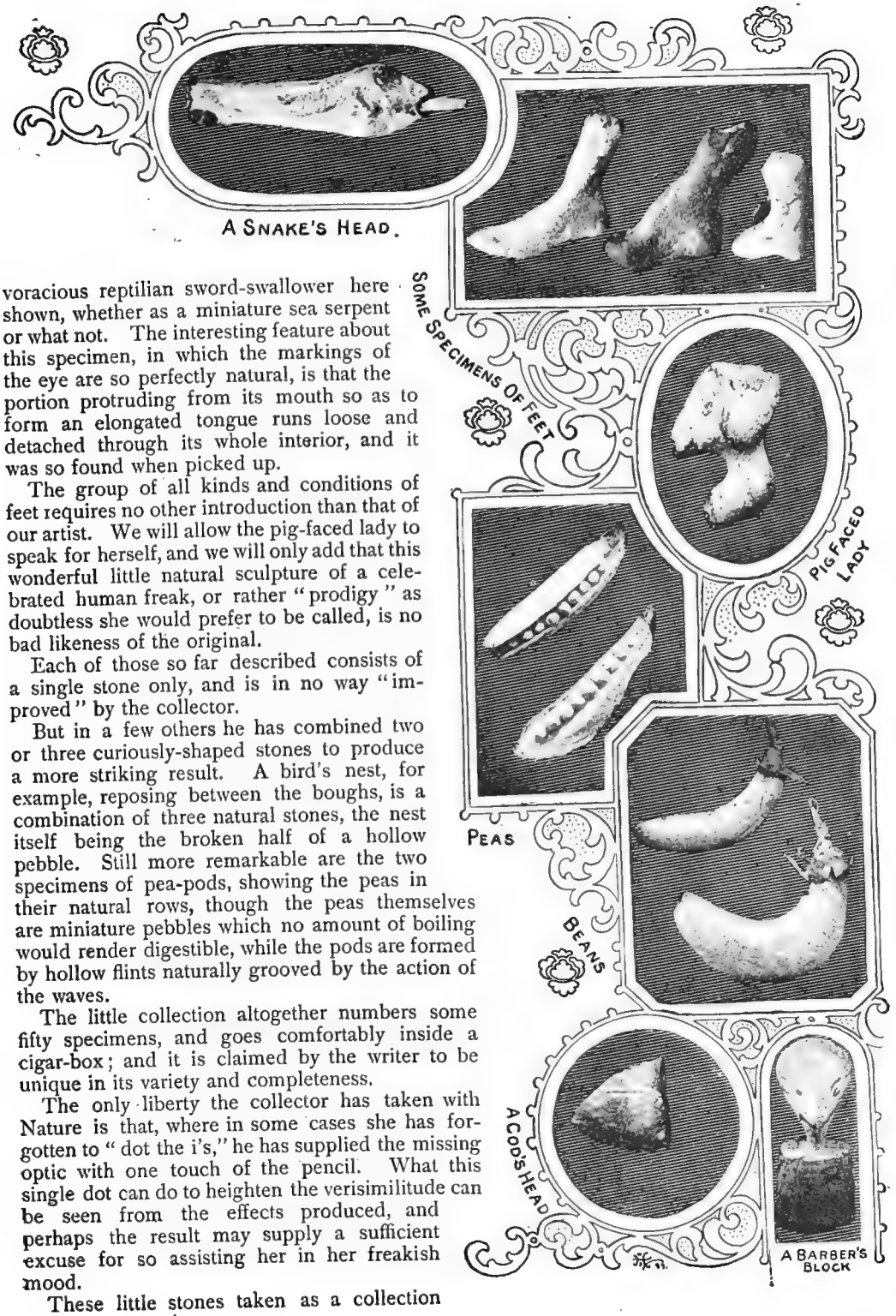
The camel's head also, shown in the third illustration, required to be detached from a bunch of seaweed, and it was only by casually turning it about that the remarkable accidental likeness, accentuated by the eye socket and the nostril so accurately situated, was discovered. How long these two natural carvings in flint may have been tossed on the populous sands of Ramsgate or thereabouts before being observed and rescued from oblivion it is impossible to say; but it is somewhat strange that they did not fall into the hands of the curiosity hunter sooner than they did.

The remarkable natural sculptures of birds, beasts, and fishes in this collection which our photographic artist has so faithfully represented, are most of them as perfect in their outline as though chiselled by the hand of a Canova. Take that duck's head, for instance, perfect enough in itself, yet that is a double curiosity, for if you turn it about it assumes the shape and appearance of a mule's head. The bodies of the two chickens, the one with the most natural feather markings, are unfortunately not quite perfect in their anatomy, as the legs are wanting, but as specimens of their kind they are interesting. Perhaps a more perfect specimen is the sitting hen on a nest formed of a separate piece, the pose being most natural.

The bird on a perch is not a stuffed specimen as possibly the picture would imply, but its life-like body is composed of a natural stone so well formed that the collector felt warranted in providing it with a pair of legs made out of pin-wire.

The tortoise here shown has a most interesting history could it be written, as in reality it is partly formed of a fossil starfish; the fossil, which suggests the markings of the tortoise-shell, being deposited on a round flint which throws out a head in a manner to give the whole thing the appearance of the reptile.

We are not certain how naturalists would classify the



voracious reptilian sword-swallower here shown, whether as a miniature sea serpent or what not. The interesting feature about this specimen, in which the markings of the eye are so perfectly natural, is that the portion protruding from its mouth so as to form an elongated tongue runs loose and detached through its whole interior, and it was so found when picked up.

The group of all kinds and conditions of feet requires no other introduction than that of our artist. We will allow the pig-faced lady to speak for herself, and we will only add that this wonderful little natural sculpture of a celebrated human freak, or rather "prodigy" as doubtless she would prefer to be called, is no bad likeness of the original.

Each of those so far described consists of a single stone only, and is in no way "improved" by the collector.

But in a few others he has combined two or three curiously-shaped stones to produce a more striking result. A bird's nest, for example, reposing between the boughs, is a combination of three natural stones, the nest itself being the broken half of a hollow pebble. Still more remarkable are the two specimens of pea-pods, showing the peas in their natural rows, though the peas themselves are miniature pebbles which no amount of boiling would render digestible, while the pods are formed by hollow flints naturally grooved by the action of the waves.

The little collection altogether numbers some fifty specimens, and goes comfortably inside a cigar-box; and it is claimed by the writer to be unique in its variety and completeness.

The only liberty the collector has taken with Nature is that, where in some cases she has forgotten to "dot the i's," he has supplied the missing optic with one touch of the pencil. What this single dot can do to heighten the verisimilitude can be seen from the effects produced, and perhaps the result may supply a sufficient excuse for so assisting her in her freakish mood.

These little stones taken as a collection

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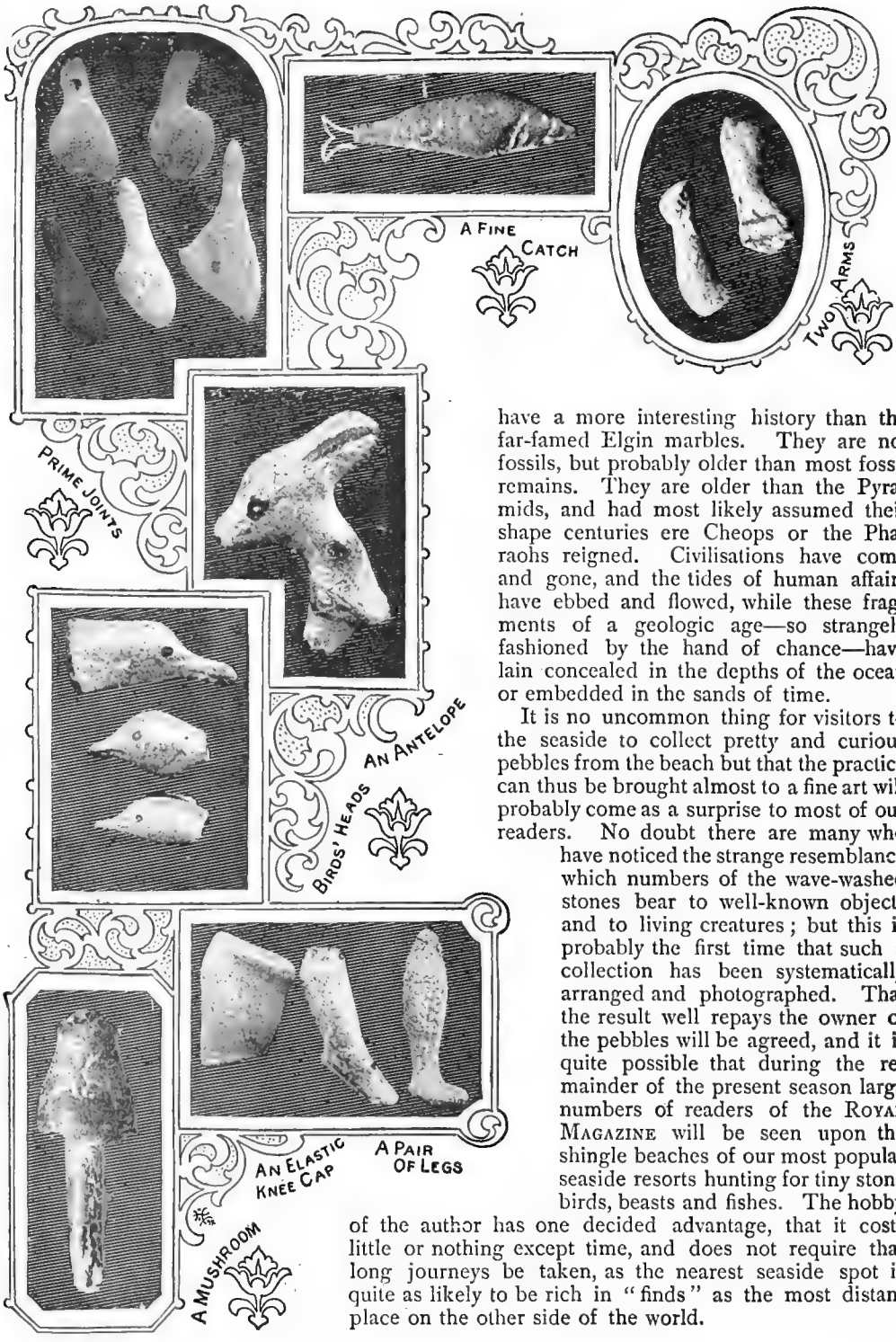

have a more interesting history than the far-famed Elgin marbles. They are not fossils, but probably older than most fossil remains. They are older than the Pyramids, and had most likely assumed their shape centuries ere Cheops or the Pharaohs reigned. Civilisations have come and gone, and the tides of human affairs have ebbed and flowed, while these fragments of a geologic age—so strangely fashioned by the hand of chance—have lain concealed in the depths of the ocean or embedded in the sands of time.

It is no uncommon thing for visitors to the seaside to collect pretty and curious pebbles from the beach but that the practice can thus be brought almost to a fine art will probably come as a surprise to most of our readers. No doubt there are many who have noticed the strange resemblance which numbers of the wave-washed stones bear to well-known objects and to living creatures; but this is probably the first time that such a collection has been systematically arranged and photographed. That the result well repays the owner of the pebbles will be agreed, and it is quite possible that during the remainder of the present season large numbers of readers of the Royal Magazine will be seen upon the shingle beaches of our most popular seaside resorts hunting for tiny stone birds, beasts and fishes. The hobby of the author has one decided advantage, that it costs little or nothing except time, and does not require that long journeys be taken, as the nearest seaside spot is quite as likely to be rich in "finds" as the most distant place on the other side of the world.

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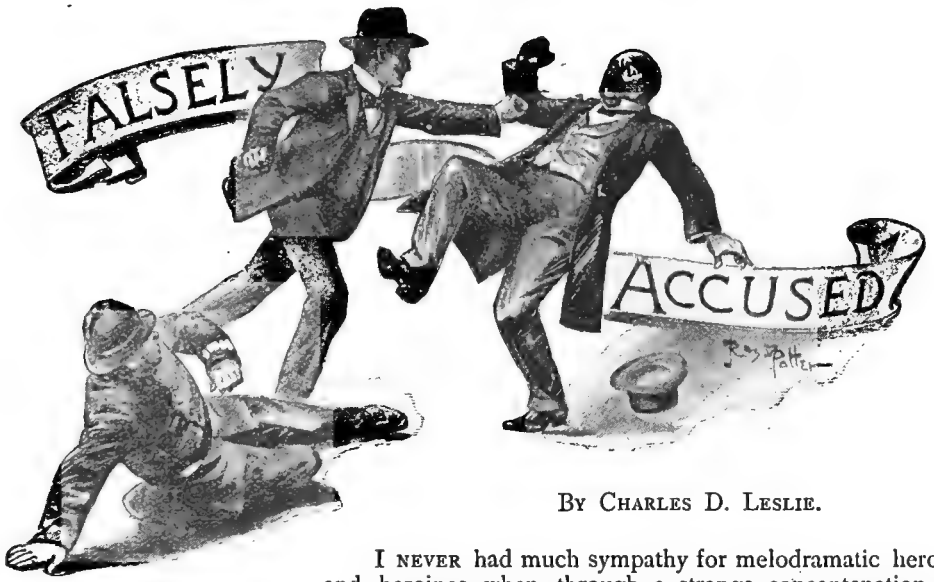

By Charles D. Leslie.

I never had much sympathy for melodramatic heroes and heroines when, through a strange concantenation of circumstances, they became falsely accused of various offences from murder downwards. I only smiled when the villain's accusations were promptly believed by the other characters, when the accused person's explanation was declared absurd, when the conveniently handy and wooden-headed policeman arrested the culprit. Such things I deemed belonged only to stage-land, a region having laws and customs of its own. But I have recently changed my views, and my philosophy has perforce been enlarged.

It was upon a bright June day that I left London for Poppleton bound on a visit to my uncle the Rev. James Mackenzie. He had recently accepted the living of Bondon, a little village four miles from Poppleton, the latter a sleepy old fashioned country town, and this was my first visit to the locality. I found my uncle waiting for me at the station, and packing my portmanteau and myself into the dog-cart, we drove by pleasant country lanes to the vicarage.

"You've come just in time for the bazaar, Dick," he observed presently, when we were nearing our destination.

"What bazaar is that? It it for your church?"

"No, for the Poppleton Parish Church. It is to be rather a big function and will be held in the Town Hall. Your aunt and Madge take a stall and you, I expect, will be impressed to aid."

My relations, I found, were full of the bazaar; nothing else was talked of that evening. Aunt Susan and Madge had been working for weeks in connection with it and anxiously discussed its fate. Poppleton was horribly unenterprising; fancy dresses and other extraneous aid to success, though talked of, had been discarded. There would merely be a sale of work and a concert in the adjoining room, with the additional dissipation of raffles on the second day for everything of value left unsold.

Next morning the ladies drove in early to arrange their stall. Uncle James and I followed directly after luncheon and joined them in the ugly red brick building, which was the *locale* of all this amateur philanthropy. It had not yet been opened to the public, but was the scene of fierce confusion and bustle, workers—male and female—rushing about with ant-like activity and apparent lack of order. I lost sight of my Uncle, but presently came upon Madge conversing with a small and daintily-attired lady, a widow by her dress, and carrying a music case under her arm.

"Ah, here is Dick," cried Madge; "Emma, let me introduce you to my cousin, Mr. Mackenzie; Dick," she continued to her friend, "will take you into the concert room, and now I must go back to mother."

Owing to the crowd the passage was difficult and I offered the lady my arm which she gratefully accepted and piloted her into the adjoining room where the concert was to be held. It was now almost empty. My companion sat down and sought her smelling bottle. "I am

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I murmured condolences and sat down beside her.

afraid," she murmured plaintively, "you will think me a very poor creature, but the noise and confusion there have quite upset me."

I murmured condolences and sat down beside her. Presumably my sympathy or the smelling bottle revived her, for she chatted vivaciously and I soon began to think her charming. Presently observing that she had to play the overture in the forthcoming concert she put her hand to her belt and uttered an exclamation:

"There! How stupid of me, I have come without my watch, and my music case is locked and the key on my chain. How annoying!"

"Could I not fetch it?"

"I hardly like to trouble you, but if you would be so good natured—I left watch and chain on the dining room mantelpiece. My little cottage is not half a mile off, and if I were not such a bad walker—where do I live? Fairview, at the top of the Maybourne Road. Oh thank you so very much."

Bearing a memory of her farewell smile I hurried off on my errand, elbowing my way through the well-dressed throng now pouring in, and, quitting the building, turning to the right where I had a half idea Maybourne Road was. After ten minutes' brisk walking I began to fear I was at fault and regretted I had not sought minuter directions, when I came upon a pretty detached house with Fair on one gate pillar. Opening the iron gate I entered and rang the bell, which was promptly answered by a trim maid servant.

Just as the door opened it suddenly occurred to me that I did not know the name of the lady whose messenger I was. Madge had only half performed the ceremony of introduction, but we had got on so well that I had forgotten to have the omission repaired. But I evaded the difficulty neatly.

"Your mistress left her watch and chain behind her, so I have come to fetch them. On the dining-room mantelpiece."

"Her watch and chain, sir?"

"Yes," I answered, stepping into the hall as I spoke, for I was anxious to lose no time, but to win another smile by a prompt return, and, laying my hand on the nearest door-handle: "Is this the dining-room?" The girl answered in the affirmative, so I entered forthwith, and the first thing I saw was the watch and chain, not on the mantelpiece, but on the table.

I caught them hastily up with one hand and put them into my jacket pocket, making some remark to the maid as I did so, when, turning, I was aware of a gentleman standing by the servant on the threshold, regarding me curiously. I gave a slight start of surprise, for his presence was unexpected. Madge's friend was plainly a widow—a young widow; it could not be her son—possibly this was a brother. I had imagined she lived alone, but there was no warrant for my supposition.

"Good afternoon," I said, inwardly wishing I could remember or, rather, had obtained the lady's name ere I came on this errand. "I came for the watch. The key is wanted, don't you know, to unlock the music case."

"Yes, I see you have come for the watch, but pray, who sent you on the errand?"

"The lady of the house of course."

"Are you quite sure of that?" he said dryly.

I tried to keep my temper.

"Look here," I said, I don't know who you are, but give me your name and I will explain more fully."

"With pleasure. My name is Daunton. I am the master of this house, that watch and chain you have just pocketed belong to my

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wife and as she is at this moment in her room I rather doubt your statement."

"Have I made a mistake?" I stammered, "haven't you a lady staying here who is now at the Town Hall and about to take part in the concert? She didn't give me her name, but she left her watch at home and I came to fetch it."

"Jane, fetch a policeman," was all the answer Mr. Daunton vouchsafed.

"A policeman," I cried, horror-stricken, "what, you don't mean—how dare you accuse me? Do I look like a thief? Hang it man, can't you see I'm speaking the truth?"

I fairly lost my head as the embarrassments of my position fully dawned upon me. It was plain I had made a ghastly mistake, yet surely my dress and the tone of my voice must convince my accuser that I was a gentleman? But he greeted my expostulations with a contemptuous smile. I was considering the advisability of knocking him down, and trying to make my escape, when to my horror, the maid-servant reappeared with a stout blue-coated constable.

The prompt appearance of the policeman, who actually was on the spot when wanted, seemed the crowning blow of fate. When had such a thing ever happened off the stage?

"Constable," said Mr. Daunton, in a metallic voice, "I give this individual in charge for an attempted theft."

I had ere this deposited the watch and chain again on the table. Had I only looked more closely at them before, I should have seen that there was no key attached to the chain; but assuming I was in the right house, I had snatched them up without consideration.

"Very good, sir," answered Robert.

"He obtained access to this house by telling the maid a cock-and-bull story of having been sent by the mistress of the house to fetch her watch. He confesses he does not even know the name of the lady who he alleges commissioned him to call for it."

"That's a very old trick, sir."

"Trick!" I spluttered, "it's the truth. I've merely mistaken the house."

The policeman laid hold of me. "Best come quietly, and it's my duty to inform you that——"

"I can easily prove that what I say is correct. I admit appearances are against me, but all I ask is that you accompany me to the Town Hall—I'll make no effort to escape—and there my friends will convince you that my story is true. My name is McKenzie. I am an architect by profession, and the nephew of the Rev. James McKenzie, of Bondon. My aunt is a stall-keeper at the bazaar now being held."

Now, surely this was a straightforward request which should have convinced any ordinary person of my innocence, but those two suspicious fools only looked wise, and the policeman gravely shook his head. "You must come with me to the police station," he responded, "and be charged, and then you can send a message to your friends."

Deaf to my protests I was marched out of the house, but in the garden a bright idea occurred to my mind. At all risks I determined to avoid the humiliation of being taken to the police station. The road was sure to be deserted. Could I but give my captors the slip, I might escape, reach the

In an instant I was seized by the arms, the legs, the body, the breath half choked out of me, smothered in constables.

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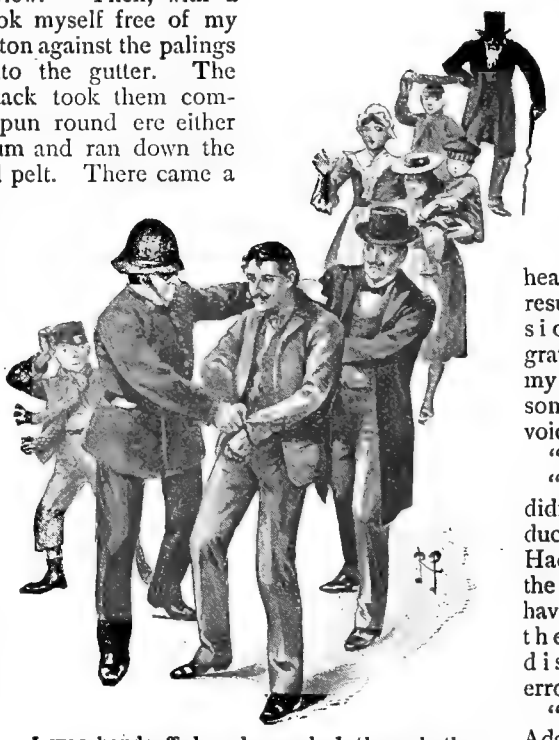
town hall, re-enter the building, and be safe from arrest.

Were the road clear it could be done. The relentless Daunton who had expressed his determination to accompany me did not look like an athlete, the policeman was elderly and stout, neither need be feared once I were free. A quick spurt would carry me round the corner and out of sight.

They led me through the gate I had so jauntily entered less than ten minutes before. Too late I noticed the second half of the name of the house painted on the other pillar was "holme," not "view." Then, with a dexterous twist, I shook myself free of my captors, thrusting Daunton against the palings and the policeman into the gutter. The suddenness of my attack took them completely by surprise, I spun round ere either recovered his equilibrium and ran down the road as hard as I could pelt. There came a shout of "stop thief" in my rear; but I outran my pursuers easily, and, but for an untoward circumstance, I believe I should have eluded capture. But it was not to be. As if in answer to the shouts, a posse of constables, eight in number, rounded the corner in front marching in single file in my direction. It afterwards transpired that they were then going on duty. Next instant I was upon them. Desperate and indeed unable to check my speed, I tried to break through. Vain attempt. They fell on me like ravening wolves or footballers on an adversary. In an instant I was seized by the arms, the legs, the body, the breath half choked out of me, smothered in constables.



I was handcuffed and marched through the streets, collecting a tail of idlers.

Up came my original captors, and with apathy, I heard my crimes and misdemeanours recounted; was handcuffed and marched through the streets with ignominy to the police station, collecting a tail of idlers as I went. It was all so terribly real, I began to wonder if I weren't actually guilty. But at headquarters, confronted with the charge sheet, I recovered my faculties and told my tale as clearly as possible. Indeed, the officer-in-charge after sending a messenger for my uncle, unofficially informed me he was half inclined to believe me.

"You could have made up such a much better yarn," he explained.

Happily my stay in durance vile was brief, Uncle James came speedily to the rescue, and, moreover, brought with him a local J.P. In the presence of this gentleman the terrors of the law vanished like smoke before a breeze. The inspector was speedily convinced of my innocence; I was set at liberty without a stain on my character, and escorted by the majesty of Law and Church, returned in triumph to the Town Hall.

"It was all your fault," I complained to Madge, who had heard the unlucky result of my mission, and congratulated me on my safe return in a somewhat unsteady voice.

"Oh, Dick!"

"It was; why didn't you introduce me properly? Had I only known the name I would have given it to the servant and discovered my error."

"True son of Adam, accuse a woman! Emma Marshall and I are great friends, I certainly thought I mentioned her name. But fancy dashing off to her house if you didn't know it. As a *preux chevalier*, Dick, you lack wit."

"Well, I hope Mrs. Marshall was not much inconvenienced by my failing to fetch her key," I said, for the strains of the concert were wafted to my ear.

"No, it so happened her music-case was not locked after all. She discovered the fact directly you left, so she was able to play—what did you say, Dick.?"

"Nothing," I answered; thoughts are sometimes too deep for words.

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OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.

"Tell me, daisy, does he love me?"

Macaroni for the Million.

Indian Weavers preparing the Woof.

To be cut out and used as slides in a stereoscope.

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A Bunch of Florida Oranges.

"Good Night."

"Japanese Girls from School are We."

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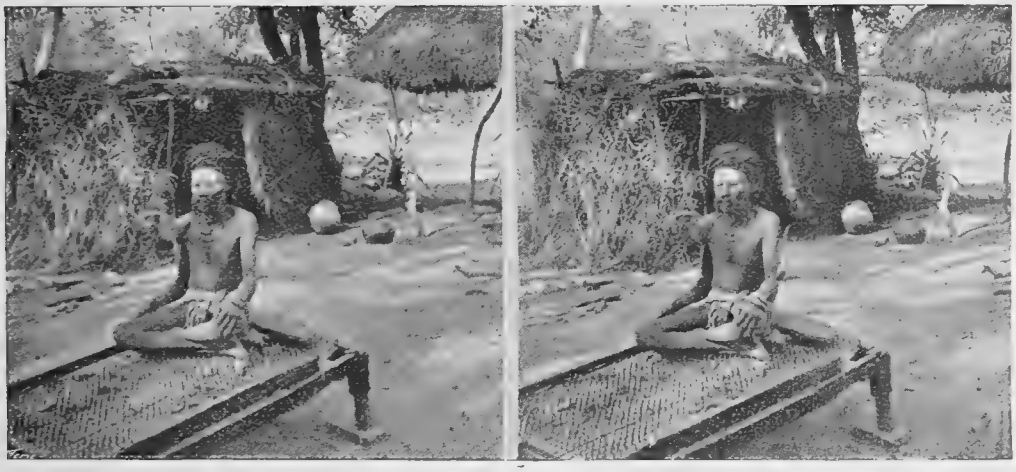

An Indian Fakir sitting on upright Nails.

An Indian Wigwam.

Balancing Rock, Garden of the Gods, Colorado, U.S.A.

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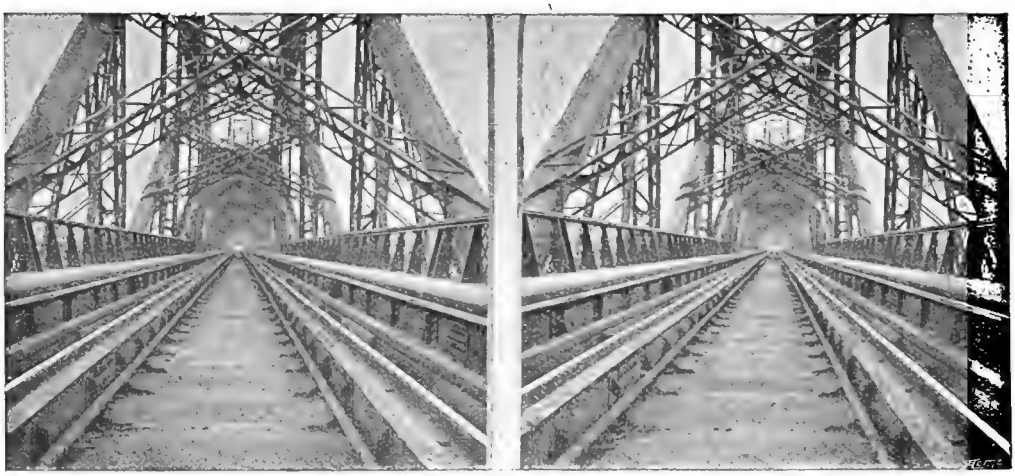
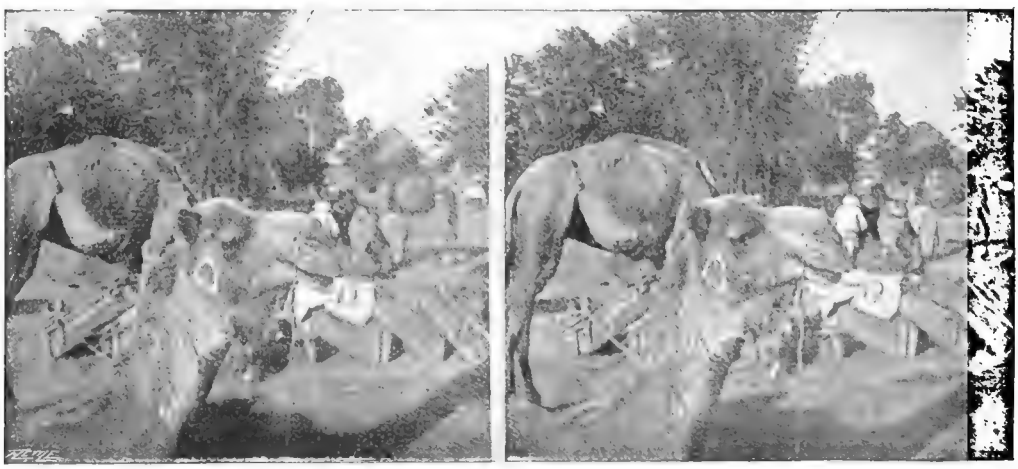
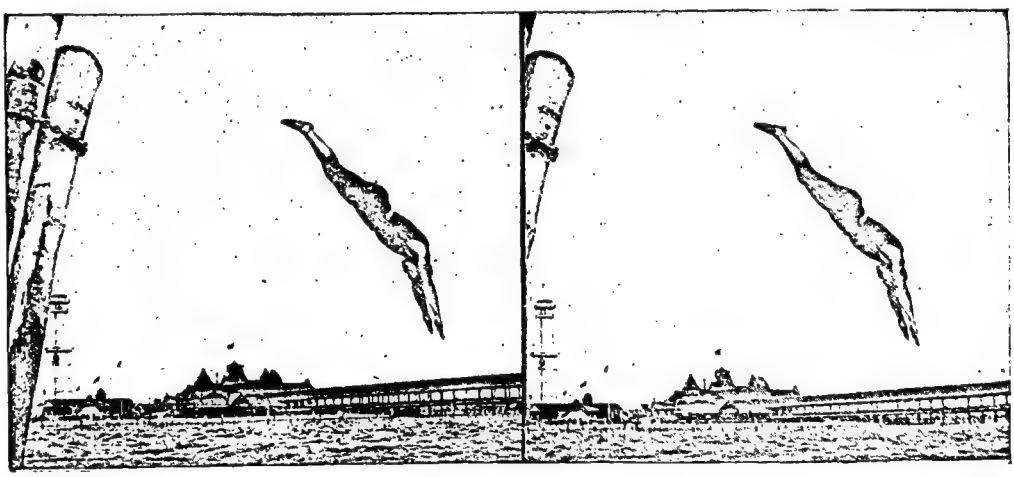


The Forth Bridge.



A Camel's Head.



The Diver.

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Not Done with a Club.

A NUMBER of gentlemen have recently organised in New York what they call the "One Hundred Year Club." Its members (all young men) are to do their best to help one another to live a full century from the date of each man's birth.

It may seem an ungracious attitude to take, but I am compelled to anticipate the early collapse of the concern. There are plenty of reasons for thinking it won't last. Some of these men may live a hundred years, but not because of any aid from the club as such. No; that sort of thing will not work. As well have a club for the development of personal beauty and correct opinion, as for the promotion of longevity.

You cannot multiply your days by setting up a lot of rules and trying to follow them. The biggest and best trees are never bred and reared by professional gardeners; they spring up and grow anywhere. Sometimes you find them on the top of a mountain, and again in a swamp.

To live long—which the good Lord is willing and desirous you should do—it is needful to live evenly, and to avoid dissipation, fuss and excitement. Above all, these bodies of ours must be continually built up as they are being continually torn down. In other words food must be regularly taken and as regularly digested. It will not do to fall into conditions such as these two persons describe:

"For many years," says one of them, "I had little desire for food and got small nourishment from what I did eat. And after a time rheumatism set in and I had plenty of pain and trouble from that. Instead of giving me strength, and a feeling of warmth and life, my meals, such as they were, only hurt and distressed me. Right after eating I was sure to have a sinking sensation, as if I were about to faint, and pain and heaviness in the chest. The rheumatism also made my joints swell, so that it was a hardship to put them to any use. Although I did my housework—or rather a part of it—it was in a poor way, as one does anything which is done under compulsion and not in ease and comfort.

"I tried medicines and embrocations, but the complaint was too deep-seated to be reached by them. They gave me no relief and my money and trouble were thrown away. I owe the suggestion which led to my cure to a neighbour—Mr. Staniford, a farmer. He made a strong point of my trying Mother Seigel's Syrup, saying it would cure my dyspepsia and the rheumatism would no doubt go away with it.

"I did as he said and soon found the Syrup was doing me good. I could eat and digest, and the rheumatism got better. I continued with this medicine and in the course of a reasonable time I was wholly free from the indigestion and the rheumatism. My father-in-law, who was a great sufferer from indigestion and debility, began using Mother Seigel's Syrup, and soon found it did him more good than all the remedies put together he had tried."—(Signed) (Mrs.) M. FLEET, Royal Oak Inn, Kingston, near Thame, Oxfordshire, February 1, 1899.

"I have," says the second, "suffered long and miserably from biliousness and indigestion, with sickness and severe headaches. I was never really well for fifteen years. I took medicines recommended by friends, and all were alike vain and useless. Now and then a few hours' relief perhaps, but nothing that lasted. I fell into the old rut and suffered as before. It was a dismal and hopeless life I led.

"At this time I learned of, and tried, Mother Seigel's Syrup. In a few weeks I was relieved. The sickness abated and I could eat and digest food. I seemed to begin my life anew. Since then I have kept this remedy in the house as a family medicine, and it never fails us when needed."—(Signed) (Mrs.) LAURA FLACK, 177, Norfolk Road, Byker, Newcastle-on-Tyne, December 13, 1898.

None, may be, of all who read this little essay will live to be a hundred years old; and perhaps it is not really to be desired. But one thing is sure as sunrise: we shall live longer and (what is even more to the purpose) we shall be happier on the road, if we fight, or prevent, the disease which these ladies describe, and wherefrom Mother Seigel's Syrup saved them.

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